

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2817.—VOL. CII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



HOME RULE—GREAT MEETING AT BELFAST: ARRIVAL OF MR. BALFOUR AT THE LINEN HALL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The last new "employment for women," as proposed in a domestic journal, should be a very agreeable one to those of the other sex who will be concerned in it. What persons of genius are always complaining of is their isolation: that they can get nobody to sympathise with and assist them in their literary labours, and that, so far from being encouraged in their own domestic circle, the critics on the hearth are worse than the other critics. There is no subject on which they are more objectionable than on the attire with which the novelist equips his female characters. His sisters and his cousins and his aunts all point the finger of scorn at it. "Never by any chance," we are told, "is there a proper description of a frock"; and when an outdoor dress is mentioned, "it is always a shawl or something only patronised by landladies or charwomen." These are serious allegations, and, unfortunately, there seems a great deal of truth in them. The male novelist is certainly apt to slur over those details on which the female one delights to linger; he uses vague terms for even the costumes which offer the best opportunity for description, and calls a ball-dress "something diaphanous." This is an ignorance that almost borders on indecency. Now, the new employment for women is to remedy this by procuring "smart young ladies," who have no superfluity of pin-money, to undertake, for a consideration, to dress the male novelist's female characters for him. In the stories of the last century, the heroine, even in her lowest depth of financial depression, invariably used to be clothed in white muslin; her table-cloths were always spotless, and the expenses of washing were habitually ignored. Our story-tellers know better than that now, but they have still a weakness, it seems, for attiring her, even in extreme poverty, in "dove-coloured silk." Under the new régime her fine figure will be entrusted from the first to more capable hands. The novelist, too, is to be congratulated upon the prospect of having a collaborator who will not want to halve his gains and his fame, and whom it will be really a pleasure to work with.

In Austria, we read, a tax of five per cent. has been placed upon all bets. A very wholesome impost, but rather difficult, one would think, to collect. The Austrians must be a very conscientious race to be trusted to inform the Government whenever they make a bet. Perhaps no bet is to be recovered in law which has not paid the tax, but even with that safeguard I doubt whether the national exchequer will be much benefited. A great deal of money, on the other hand, could be collected from this source for charitable purposes were we a little less bigoted and narrow-minded. Whatever may be the faults of the Turf, its devotees are open-handed enough, and when they win are much more inclined to give than the respectable persons who would think it almost as wicked to win as to lose. Why should the poor be deprived of the benefactions which would result from placing a poor-box in every grand stand in the kingdom, especially as the money would otherwise be probably spent in far worse ways? It really almost seems that the "unco' guid" object to the unregenerate having even a chance of doing a good action. A minister in Kent has actually been telling his congregation that "no money obtained by unworthy means ever yet helped the Gospel cause," and entering his protest against any Christian institution being endowed with money obtained in an unrighteous way. This gentleman must know very little of the "Pious Founder" from whom nine-tenths of the endowments of the Church proceed. Moreover, how far are we to go back for the source of the wealth thus administered? I may be a good Churchman and give large sums to religious objects, but my father may have originally obtained the money by usury, or still worse methods of becoming rich. Is the Church, therefore, to decline my gifts? I am quite sure she would do no such thing, but this amazing divine thinks she ought to do so. A preacher whose authority he would be the first to acknowledge declined to let the Devil keep all the best tunes, and by analogy he would not have allowed him to keep his money if it could have been utilised for a good purpose.

The loss of memory reported in the case of the man Bellamy, of Melbourne, is by no means so uncommon as has been made out. It is, however, a startling thing to hear a fellow-creature asking one to be so good as to tell him who he is, though a good many people would be willing to forget their own identity and (especially) for other people to forget it. The more common form of this malady is the forgetting of every incident in our past life save one, on which the morbid mind never ceases to harp. In Beck's "Medical Jurisprudence" there is an affecting case of a young clergyman who, two days before his intended marriage, went out snipe-shooting with a friend, who shot him in the forehead. He lived, but only to be deranged. The interesting event that was to have taken place became henceforth the sole topic of his thoughts and talk, "till at eighty years of age he gently slid into the grave." What a riddle is here, whether for the physician or the theologian!

A still more touching story is told (I think) by Dr. Nevins in his "Disorders of the Brain." A patient of his, a young lady engaged to be married, was often visited by her intended

husband by the stage coach which passed within a mile or two of her house. One day she went to meet him, and found, instead, an old friend who brought the news of his sudden death. She uttered a frightful scream, "He is dead!" and then all consciousness of her misfortune ceased. "Day by day for fifty years did this poor creature, in all seasons, journey to the spot where she expected to see her lover alight from the coach; and day by day she uttered in a plaintive tone, 'He is not come yet. I will return to-morrow.'" I know of nothing sadder or more pathetic than this romance from a doctor's note-book.

Southey tells us of a man who had lost his memory for all substantives, and another who had forgotten all his adjectives. The second case would not be altogether a misfortune to some of our public speakers, but the other one must have been embarrassing. It must have resembled in effect that shower of expletives without a subject with which the lower orders, in moments of great excitement, relieve their minds.

One is often asked by persons of good taste in literature how it is that the rising generation cannot be got to read Scott. There have been reasons, on which I have no cause to be congratulated, why the wand of the Wizard of the North has been lately laid upon me; his spell is as great as ever, his digressions are delightful to me, but I recognise as I certainly never did before how great an obstacle they must be to the newcomer accustomed to the comparative brevity of modern fiction. One cannot say that Scott "cramped" for his books, but as a novelist he used remorselessly the vast knowledge he possessed upon subjects that were sometimes not very interesting except to himself. This is done even in his best books: in the whole range of fiction I do not know a greater bore than the Baron of Bradwardine. It requires a reverence for his creator, which is wanting in our modern youth, to endure him. Nay, even in that admirable story "The Heart of Midlothian," which seems to me more beautiful every time I read it, what terrible morasses have to be got over, in those theological opinions of Mr. David Deans! He has never done with them. At the very last, when all, as we hope, is about to end happily, he begins to preach again, having got a sort of second theological wind. Another thing that must amaze and not much interest the youthful reader is Scott's casual allusions to people and things of his own day, with which this novel is plentifully besprinkled. "With a leer, a shuffle, and a shrug inimitable unless by Emery," Dick turned to his steed"; and in the next page, after describing Jeanie's hospitable reception at the Saracen's Head, Newark, we have this first-rate advertisement: "The travellers who have visited Newark more recently will not fail to remember the remarkably civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessors. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal." This is the result, of course, of Sir Walter's inherent good-nature, but if a modern novelist should take such liberties we should certainly think he was paid for it.

The *Author*, which is open to the editor and the contributor alike and holds the scale of justice for both, has some remarks upon the length of time that manuscripts are often kept, after due acceptance, unpublished. This may seem hard, and is hard if the manuscript is not paid for in the interim, but if it is paid for and it is not of an extent which calls for separate republication I do not see where the grievance lies. The conditions of bringing out a magazine, the space at its disposal, the character of the contribution, which may suit with one time as well as another and not demand, as others may, immediate publicity, must be considered; and, after all, where is the grievance? It seems to lie in the mere eagerness of the author to see himself in print. This is excusable in a literary novice, but hardly in any other case. If an article is well paid for, and at once, it seems to me that there is no ground for complaint.

On the other hand, a correspondent apparently "retained for the other side"—i.e., the editorial—defends the system of "prize stories" in vogue with certain cheap periodicals. He says that the editors adopt it because these prize contributions are generally fresh and bright, and that the remuneration to the young author is very much more than the small honorarium that is offered, because it is his first step on the ladder. This may be so, but nothing, to my mind, can excuse the misuse of the word "prize" in this connection. It is put forward to persuade the public that an exceptional price is given to exceptional merit, whereas it is invariably a much less sum than would be paid by any respectable magazine for an article accepted in the usual way. It is, in fact, the cheapest way that has yet been devised for obtaining a moderately good contribution.

There are also some admirable remarks upon a class of periodical, unknown to me but which is certainly worth knowing, that accepts articles only on the understanding that the author takes a certain number of the journal in which it appears; he is told that "the copies will be sent to

his bookseller, who will dispose of them for his benefit." One would like to see the items of this account. "How satisfactory to be at once the author and his readers!" It shows the enormous ramification of periodical literature that such a proposal as this should be possible. Of course, we can all get a circulation for our works if we buy them ourselves, and a good many authors do so in the form of presentation copies to their friends. There is a pathetic story extant of a lady who bought up the editions of her husband's works that his vanity might be gratified, and broke his heart by the accidental revelation of her loving plan; but for the proper development of this catastrophe the novelist must needs marry an heiress.

It is certain that in England not only feast-days and fast-days, but days of all kinds that have been consecrated by custom are losing their popularity, with the single exception of the four holidays of St. Lubbock. St. Valentine is now almost as though he had never been, and April Fool's Day has gone by well-nigh unobserved. It is curious to contrast its reception in Paris this year, where it seems to have received a warmer welcome than ever, with its neglect in London. Men who are "not yet so bald that we can see their brains" can recollect when the First of April until mid-day—when the plague ceased—was one continuous pitfall: young people worried their elders with false alarms without reproof, and in their turn were made fools of by their contemporaries. It was a sort of humour that every fool could understand, and one wonders, when we consider what is thought to be fun at the music-halls, how it should ever have ceased to be popular. A divine of the English Church, a widely read author of moral and religious fiction, once wrote a story which hinged upon this ridiculous observance: the villain became what he was through having given way in boyhood to the seductive habit of making April fools of his fellow-creatures; it was only once a year, but it did for him. If the book were republished now it would be almost unintelligible to the juvenile public. The origin of the custom seems to be unknown, nor are we told how long it has existed amongst us; but Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, tells how on March 31 he and Dr. Arbuthnot and Lady Masham "have been contriving a lie for to-morrow," and a very dull lie it was. The only incident connected with this matter in history is the escape of the Duke of Lorraine and his wife on April 1 from Nantes in the garb of peasants; they were betrayed and denounced to the sentry, but he only "put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out," with the remark "You don't make an April fool of me."

The question of heredity in vice is still an open one. It would not, in my humble opinion, be a good thing if it was established, for it would be put forward as an excuse by every ne'er-do-well for his short-comings. "Please, Sir, it isn't me, Sir [who is irredeemably idle or drunken], but it's my great-uncle, who has bequeathed me all this vice." It is bad enough when some plausible scoundrel informs you that his sins are caused by his having been badly brought up; but to be told that the last generation but one is answerable for them is a little too much. The theory, if generally accepted, would be a mere premium upon good-for-nothingness of all kinds. As regards the inheritance of intelligence, there is much more to be said for it, though the examples as regards anything approaching to genius are very rare, and I believe the matter finds a better explanation in opportunity and environment. Families of lawyers, for instance, are most often quoted as an illustration; but lawyers are just the class who have the power of helping their children in their own profession. Literature has scarcely any examples of genius begetting genius to offer, but a great number of men of literary genius have had offspring with literary talents. These do not lisp in numbers, but they are brought up in an atmosphere of imagination and fancy; with them from their earliest years poetry is as common as prose and fiction familiar as fact; "copy" is a mere household word with them, and, if they have really any leaning towards the profession of letters it is nourished and developed to the highest degree. The son takes after the father—generally a long way after—as in the case of the two Tom Hoods.

Whether inherited or not, however, it is interesting to see talent of the same kind appearing in a new generation of the same family; and among all English-speaking peoples there is no name which, so transmitted, will receive a more genial welcome than that of Dickens. In "A Mere Cypher," by the great novelist's granddaughter, we have an example that will go far to corroborate the views of the believers in heredity. It is not the least like Dickens's novels—indeed, its absolute absence of humour makes it strangely unlike—yet it has a certain audacity of incident and conception that reminds one of him. It has strength and originality, too, of its own: the character of Mrs. Custance, in particular, is one that no ordinary novelist could have created. It will be contended that so colourless an individual could never have had the influence imputed to her; but the effect of tender sympathy—however ill expressed—upon emotional persons can hardly be exaggerated. Those who take up Miss Mary Dickens's novel from a feeling of mere literary association will read it to the end from a very different cause—its genuine dramatic interest.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There is only one genuine auditor in the House during this second-reading debate on the Home Rule Bill, and that is the Prime Minister. To Mr. Gladstone every speech is meat and drink, air and exercise. He leaves the Treasury bench with reluctance and returns to it with joy, to listen intently to friend and foe alike. His colleagues are intermittent in their attention to the proceedings. Some of them sleep without compunction; others stay away as often and as long as they decently can. But early and late Mr. Gladstone is in his place, listening with his right hand to his ear, drinking in praise of his policy or denunciation with the unwearied absorption of a man with a great purpose and an inflexible will. It is a great stimulus to the young Conservative member to know that when he rises to expose the infamy of Home Rule he will have an audience in the illustrious author of this tremendous wrong. It is a stimulus, but it is also a discipline, for the figure which sits there lonely and stern, and very quiet, will sometimes rise without warning and interpose a comment or correction which is rather disturbing to the nerves of the gentleman in possession of the floor. Probably it was to encourage young Tory members that Mr. Chamberlain tried the somewhat dangerous game of heckling the Prime Minister. In the middle of Mr. Chamberlain's speech Mr. Gladstone denied that he had ever intended his famous phrase about "marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire" to apply to any Irishman except Mr. Parnell. Here Mr. William Redmond, jealous for the memory of his departed leader, interjected, "Yes, he's dead!" Mr. Gladstone explained that his criticism of Mr. Parnell referred only to a remote period, and that he had subsequently credited that politician with a complete and wholesome change of purpose. Here the Opposition laughed, and Mr. Chamberlain sat smiling ominously. Next day he came down armed with long extracts from speeches of Mr. Gladstone's a dozen years old, and again endeavoured to corner the Old Parliamentary Hand. Was it not to some of the Irish leaders the Prime Minister had alluded when he talked of rapine, and not to Mr. Parnell alone? An ordinary man would probably have replied that his language applied to a set of conditions which had changed with the lapse of time, and that it was needless to distinguish between Mr. Parnell and any other Irish leader in the stormy days of 1881. But Mr. Gladstone is an extraordinary man, and, perfectly unembarrassed by Mr. Chamberlain's persistence, he again indulged in one of those marvellous feats of dialectics which are at once the joy and the despair of the House.

But any Liberal who had felt uneasy during this episode was amply consoled when it came to Mr. Davitt's turn to revel in historical reminiscences. Mr. Davitt's speech was, by common consent, the weightiest which has been delivered by any member of the Irish party since 1886. Mr. Gladstone's speech in moving the second reading of the Home Rule Bill had some of his finest qualities; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's speech in moving the rejection of the Bill was admirably argued; and Mr. Chamberlain's attack had all his customary incisiveness. But the Parliamentary debut of Mr. Davitt is undoubtedly the chief incident of the debate. Here stood the historic conspirator and rebel, the father of the Land League, the implacable enemy of England for so many years, the incarnate spirit of Irish revolution, proclaiming with manifest sincerity "a pact of peace" between England and Ireland. The whole House listened with breathless interest, broken at first by mirth at Mr. Davitt's struggles with the title of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. That portentous personage, whose tongue was tied in the late Parliament, had preceded Mr. Davitt with a speech which lasted more than two hours. Mr. Davitt alluded to him first as the "honourable baronet," then as a "member of the British aristocracy," a subtle jest which greatly tickled the Tories, and finally as the "honourable and learned knight." Then came an interval of quotations which showed that Mr. Davitt could handle one of Mr. Chamberlain's weapons with all Mr. Chamberlain's skill. These were delicious extracts both for Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. T. W. Russell. In one of these the member for West Birmingham heaped bitter scorn on the system of private property in land; in another Mr. T. W. Russell undertook to make short work of the House of Lords, declared that the Irish minority ought to submit to the Irish majority, and held up to odium men who threatened civil war. But there was an even more delightful passage in Mr. Davitt's speech about Mr. Dunbar Barton. That gentleman had solemnly assured the House on his authority as a lawyer that resistance to Home Rule by Ulstermen would not be treason or treason-felony. Mr. Dunbar Barton, said Mr. Davitt, might some day rise to the Irish judicial bench. It might be his duty to declare that men convicted of rebellion were innocent before the law. "Would that I had met such a judge!" exclaimed Mr. Davitt, and this allusion to his imprisonment for nine years for the very resistance to imperial authority which Mr. Dunbar Barton claimed as a public virtue for Irish Protestants excited one of those

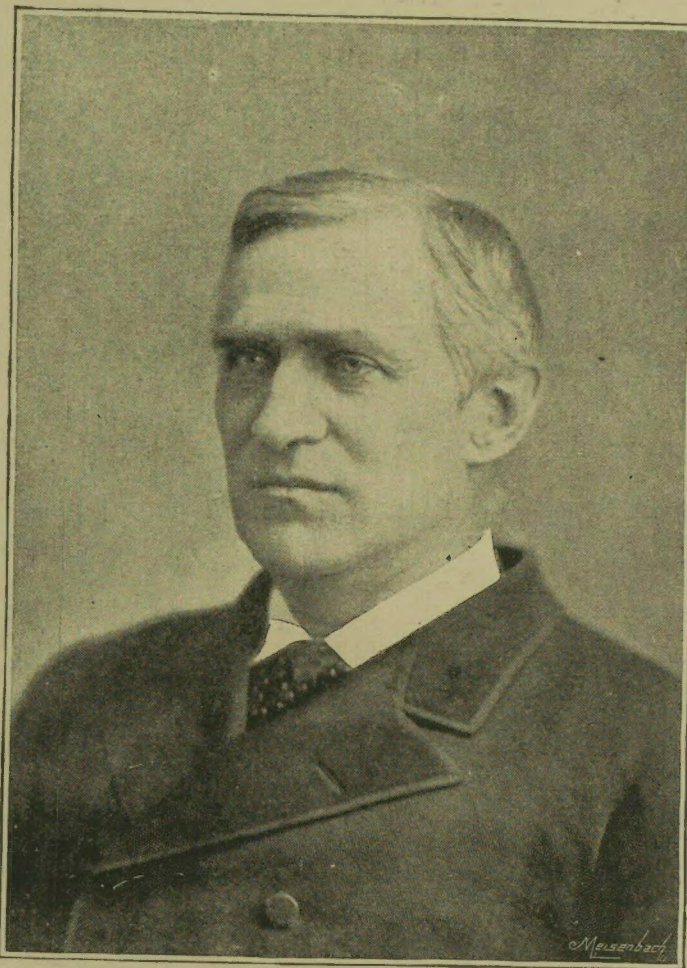
impulsive outbursts of feeling which sometimes obliterate for a moment all distinctions of party in the House of Commons.

No maiden speech within living memory ever made a more profound impression. This was due very largely, no doubt, to the remarkable personality of the speaker, and to his manifest candour, which subdued even the fiery spirit of Mr. T. W. Russell to unwonted compliment. There was, moreover, an incessant wonder among Mr. Davitt's audience at his management of his voluminous notes. The right arm was represented by an empty sleeve, and with his left hand he maintained order among his papers, selecting batch after batch and turning over the pages with unfailing regularity. The erect figure, the dark and powerful face, and the clear, well-modulated voice seemed to exercise a singular fascination with the Tory benches. When Mr. Davitt apologised for the length of his address, sympathetic cheers broke from the Conservatives, and Mr. Balfour pointedly joined in this encouraging demonstration. This tribute was not paid to the long and dreary orations which have been only too numerous in this debate. The incapacity of the average member to express his views under an hour is partly accountable for the apathy and the empty benches which have been silent witnesses of the ineptitude of Parliamentary talk.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

The new Minister of the United States of America in England—the first to bear the style of Ambassador—the Hon. Thomas Francis Bayard, is a native of Wilmington, born in 1828, the son of a lawyer who practised some time



THE HON. T. F. BAYARD, THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

in New York. After learning mercantile business in a house at Philadelphia engaged in the West Indian trade, he adopted his father's profession, and was admitted to the Bar in 1851. He has lived chiefly in Delaware, which State was represented by his father in the United States Senate before the period of Secession, and has twice elected Mr. T. F. Bayard—in 1875 and 1881. Not a partisan of the South in the civil war, he yet adhered to the Democratic party doctrine of State rights, opposing the stringent policy of the Republican party. In the Senate at Washington he was a member of the Committees on Finance, Private Claims, and Revision of the Laws; served on the Judiciary and other important Committees, and during the Democratic ascendancy was chairman of the Finance Committee. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention held in Baltimore in 1872, where he opposed the Republican ticket. On the first ballot in the convention of 1876 he received 31 of the 713 votes for President, and on the second ballot, when Tilden was chosen, he received 11 votes. In 1880 he received 153 1-2 votes on the first ballot in the Cincinnati Convention, 113 on the second, and 2 on the third, when Hancock was chosen. His name was again presented in 1884, and he received 170 votes on the first ballot, and 81 on the second, when Cleveland was chosen. On his accession to the Presidency, in March 1885, Mr. Cleveland nominated Mr. Bayard for Secretary of State. Mr. Bayard held the State portfolio throughout that Administration, but, since its close he has not been conspicuous in political affairs.

ULSTER DEMONSTRATION AT BELFAST.

The Irish Unionists assembled at Belfast on Tuesday, April 4, to receive the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., and to repeat their declaration against Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill, made a show which, for the numbers there gathered and for their unanimity and the forcible expression of their feeling,

has not been equalled in Ireland by any open political meetings since O'Connell's great Repeal agitation in other counties fifty years ago. One significant difference is to be observed: the present Unionist demonstration, with its highly organised management, is headed by persons of wealth and rank, such as the Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Abercorn and the Hamiltons, the Earls of Erne, Donoughmore, Ranfurly, and other peers, by the mayors and municipal corporations of the chief cities in Ulster, the Protestant, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan ministers of religion, and representatives of property invested in manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural industry. These social authorities and interests have scarcely ever before, in the nineteenth century at least, been united in one course of political action.

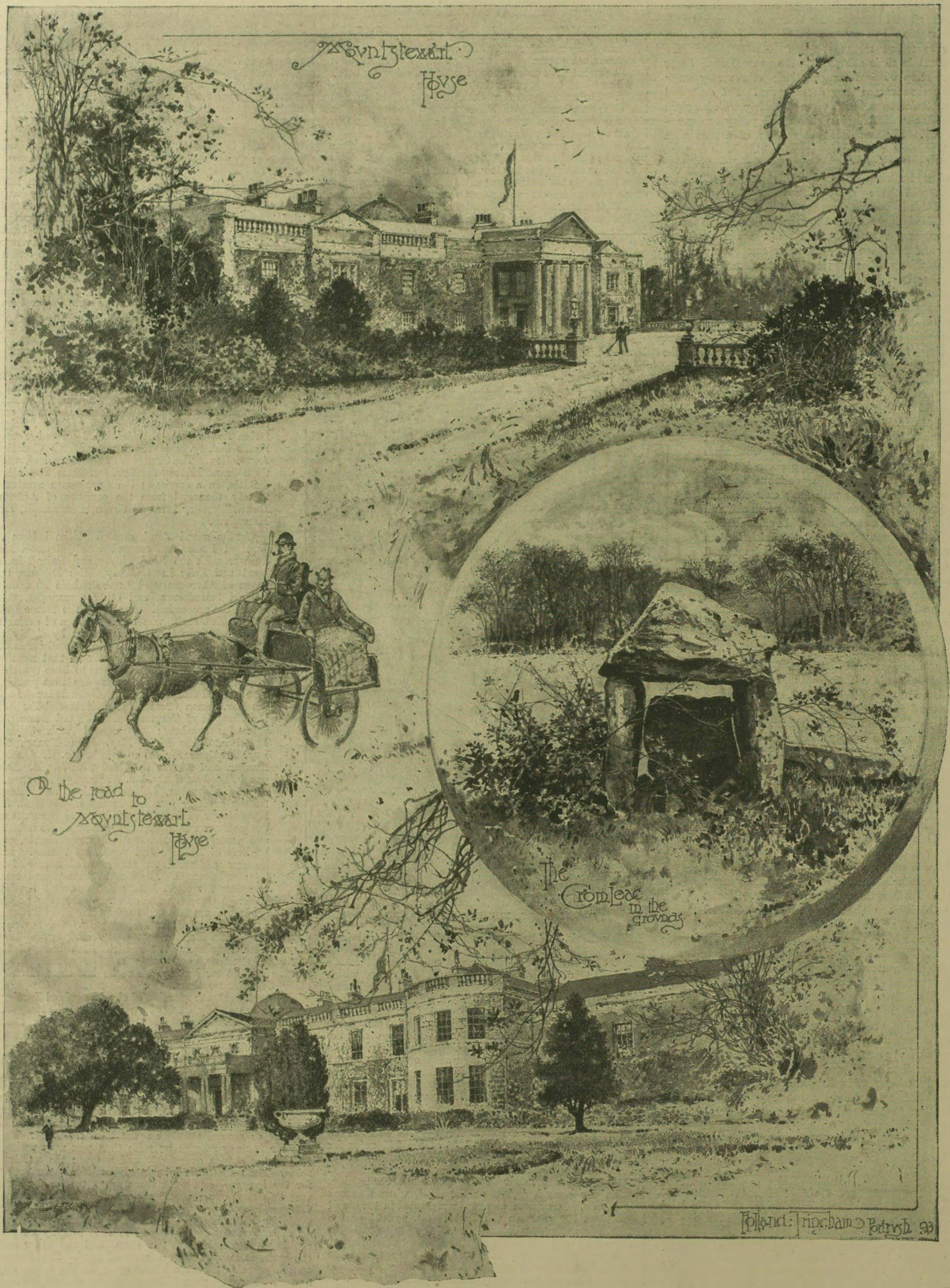
Our Special Artists at Belfast furnish several illustrations of the stirring scenes that took place upon this occasion. Mr. Balfour, who was the guest of Lord Londonderry, at Mountstewart, arrived at Belfast, with his Lordship and other friends, by the County Down railway, at half-past eleven, and entered a four-horse open carriage, which drove to Great George Street, and, joined by a long procession of other carriages and bodies of men on foot, with banners and bands of music, passed through York Street, Royal Avenue, and Donegal Square, amid vast crowds of people enthusiastically cheering all the way. The carriage procession included the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir Daniel Dixon, the ex-mayor, the aldermen and city councillors, the chairmen and members of the Belfast Harbour Board, Water Commissioners, and Board of Guardians; it was followed by the graduates and students of the Universities, Trinity College, Dublin, Queen's College, Belfast, the Presbyterian College, and a deputation from the University of Edinburgh, distinguished by different scarves; by the Ulster Unionist clubs, with bannerets, all the members wearing badges; the Friendly Societies, Rechabites, Free Gardeners, Ancient Shepherds, and Oddfellows, with bands and banners; the Belfast Presbytery and the Presbyterian Association, the Church of Ireland Young Men's Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association. The Orange Lodges came last, with their Grand Master, the Rev. Dr. Kane, and other officials, in a carriage; the Orangemen mustered twenty thousand from the counties of Antrim, Down, Tyrone, Armagh, Cavan, Fermanagh, and Monaghan.

At the grand stand, erected at the bottom of Donegal Place, and covered with red cloth, Mr. Balfour, with the Lord Mayor and Lady Dixon, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Miss Balfour, the Duke of Abercorn, and Lord Frederic Hamilton, Colonel Sanderson, and other personages, witnessed the procession. A copy of the Home Rule Bill, carried aloft, was burnt in token of derision. The streets were thronged for hours by eighty or a hundred thousand people, who uttered incessant acclamations. About one-fourth of that number gathered in the Botanic Gardens to hear speeches from three separate platforms—the first presided over by Lord Templetown, with Colonel Sanderson, the Rev. Canon Crozier, Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, the Marquis of Carmarthen, and Lord Donoughmore for speakers; the second with Captain M'Calmont, the Right Hon. John Young, the Rev. Dr. Lynd, Sir John Colomb, Mr. H. Arnold-Forster, and others; the third with Mr. R. Macgeagh, Lord Ranfurly, Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport, Mr. W. Johnston, Colonel Waring, and others. At the evening meeting, in the Ulster Hall, the Lord Mayor of Belfast presided, and the seats on the platform were occupied by many of the nobility and gentry of Ulster, the clergy, merchants, and bankers of Belfast, and professional men. Mr. Balfour addressed an audience of nearly four thousand persons. Resolutions were passed commending the right hon. gentleman and the late Unionist Government, and renewing the protest against Home Rule adopted by the great Unionist Convention of June 17 last year. On the next day, April 5, Mr. Balfour was entertained by the Lord Mayor with luncheon at the Exhibition Hall of the Botanical Gardens, and made another speech, before leaving Belfast for Dublin, where he has since attended other Unionist meetings.

Mountstewart, the mansion of the Marquis of Londonderry, is beautifully situated on the shore of Strangford Lough, near Newtownards, in the county of Down, about twenty miles east of Belfast.

A DUCK-SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN INDIA.

A hired carriage, the "tikka gharri," conveys you and your friend, starting for a day's sport. This wretched vehicle is a box upon four wheels, rattling horribly with a zinc pail hung underneath, and drawn by two country ponies; the driver squats on his perch in front; a "syce," or groom, stands on the hind footboard. Part of your journey may be by rail; then you may perhaps get to the station overnight, and sleep in the waiting-room. Next morning, you breakfast, hire your coolies for the luggage, and walk three miles to the "gheel." On this large piece of water, the fishermen and villagers keep their "dongas." What is that? A canoe, made by hollowing out, burning and cutting out with an adze, the trunk of a big tree; it is roughly shaped, the large root-end forms the stem, and the other end, cut open, is stopped with a lump of mud. The donga-wallah propels it with a bamboo pole, in the manner of a punt. You and your fellow-sportsman engage, for each of you, one of these "dongas." They are cranky craft, and you squat in a cramped attitude, with some inches of water about your feet, taking care not to wet your gun and bag of cartridges. The ducks lie hidden among the rushes, and are shy of approach; but they are not unaccustomed to see a "donga," carrying a fisherman who does not harm them. So you manage to shoot as many as you wish before you quit the "gheel," and may also bag a few snipe in your walk back to the station.



MOUNTSTEWART, LORD LONDONDERRY'S HOUSE, WHERE MR. BALFOUR STAYED WHEN HE VISITED BELFAST.



THE ULSTER DEMONSTRATION AT BELFAST: PROCESSION IN DONEGAL PLACE.

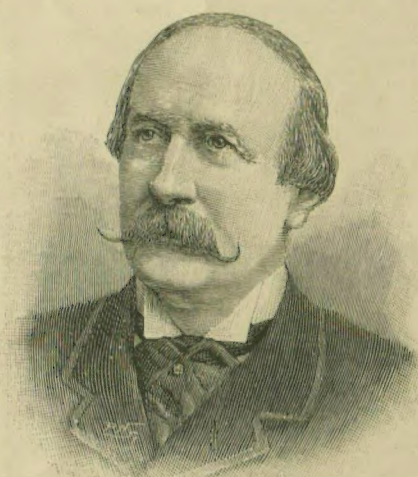
Photo by Kirkpatrick, Belfast.

PERSONAL.

Among the many who brought their congratulations to Prince Bismarck on his seventy-eighth birthday there appeared a deputation from the students of Bonn. In reply to the address presented to him, after saying that he preferred the goodwill of the present generation to that of his own contemporaries, the old statesman said: "I have had quite enough of the honours and decorations which men strive after during their lifetime, but I am not indifferent to what people will say of me when I am no more. I hope the women, the mothers of a future generation, will show me as much goodwill as I have had showered upon me in the last few days. One piece of advice I give you—hold fast to the national spirit. Remember always that character plays a greater part in its composition than learning. The most learned are not always the best supports of a State. I do not mean by this to recommend you to do as I did and neglect your work. The only thing that I am sorry for, as I look back upon that time, is that in later years I never was able to retrieve that which I had neglected. What one learns later on does not stick so fast in the memory. I do not dissuade you from work, but I am not shocked at the University vagaries of my sons, for I believe that life in a corporation is of great advantage, inasmuch as it strengthens the character by subjecting each one to the criticisms of his peers, and keeps him from going wrong. It is the same thing which, later in life, plays an important part. Look at the immense influence exerted on German officials by the University and the swordknot, imponderable though they are. This I have noticed especially in Russia, which procures its excellent officials from the Baltic provinces, because these people lay special stress on being able to return home with an untarnished name."

The retirement of Sir George Glynn Petre, British Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon, from the diplomatic service, in

which he has been engaged since June 1846, merits some account of so useful a public career. Beginning as an Attaché to the Legation at the Frankfurt Diet of the old German Confederation, he proceeded in 1852 to the old royal Court of Hanover, passed to the Paris Embassy, to the Hague, and to Naples, where he was



SIR G. G. PETRE, K.C.M.G.,
Late Minister at Lisbon.

Chargé d'Affaires in 1856. In 1859 he was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Hanover, but soon returned to Naples, and was repeatedly in charge of the Legation there, when Sir William Temple was absent, during important periods in the Italian Revolutions of 1860 and 1861. In 1864 he was transferred to Copenhagen, where he acted at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein War, and assisted at the investiture of King Christian IX. with the Order of the Garter. He was specially commended by Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon for his management of affairs both in Italy and in Denmark. After a short term of service at Brussels, Mr. Petre, in 1868, became Secretary to the Berlin Embassy, and was upon several occasions in the next four years entrusted with the conduct of political matters in Prussia and Germany. He was next sent to South America as Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary, first to the Argentine Republic, afterwards to Paraguay, in which offices he showed much capacity and earned the approval of his Government. In January 1884 he became its representative at the Portuguese Court. It is gratifying to read the Portuguese testimonies, especially of those persons who were in office and had dealings with him, to the considerate and agreeable manner in which he has so long maintained the ancient friendly intercourse between England and that respectable small kingdom, notwithstanding recent popular excitement with regard to the Mozambique territory. Sir George Petre, who was knighted in 1890 as K.C.M.G., is married to a daughter of Major Ralph Henry Sneyd; and that lady's personal qualities, highly appreciated in Lisbon society, have probably added to the success of his mission.

M. Felix Jules Méline, who recently attempted to form a Ministry, began life, like most French politicians, at the Paris Bar, and narrowly escaped being compromised by his ultra-Radical leanings during the Commune. Although little known to the average Frenchman, M. Méline has won the respect of his political colleagues by his hard-working qualities and sound financial judgment. Time has made him a moderate Republican, and he doubtless owes his present position to the fact that his personal integrity is above suspicion. Jules Simon is his most intimate friend, and it is said that it was owing to a suggestion made by the author of "L'Ouvrière" that M. Méline, when Minister of Agriculture in 1883, founded the "Order of Agricultural Merit," which, though it has been turned into much ridicule, was a popular measure in rural France. M. Méline is a good speaker, and is seldom known to make an assertion which he cannot afterwards substantiate if challenged to do so. His personal habits are simple and austere.

By the death of Admiral Paris the French Navy loses its *doyen* and the Institute a most valuable member. Born exactly eighty-seven years ago, he entered the French marine at the age of fourteen, and six years later accompanied Dumont d'Urville in the latter's famous voyage of discovery. Taking a special interest in all that concerned the application of steam to naval purposes, he commanded the first steam-boat which ever doubled the Cape of Good

Hope. He was promoted vice-admiral in 1864, having taken several important commands during the Crimean War. In 1871, he retired on the post of Conservator of the Marine Museum at the Louvre; but his new avocation did not interfere with his literary and scientific labours, and to the end he was one of the most regular attendants at the meetings of the Institute. His "Dictionnaire de la Marine à Vapeur" and "Catechisme du Marin et du Mécanicien à Vapeur" are admirably practical, and are in use on all the French training-ships. This Father of the French Navy leaves a large circle of friends to lament his loss.

The unexpected death, on April 7, of Captain Arthur Brooke, C.B., flag-captain to the Duke of Edinburgh as



THE LATE CAPTAIN ARTHUR BROOKE, R.N.

and afterwards in the China War; as a lieutenant of the Sybille, took part in boat actions and the capture of Canton; and was successful in saving the crew of a wrecked vessel near Gibraltar, for which service he received the gold medal of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. While in the Mullet, on the West Coast of Africa, he captured and destroyed a slaver. He was specially commended by the Commander-in-Chief and the Admiralty for his exertions in suppressing the slave trade while commander of the Vulture in 1874. As captain of the Opal he commanded an expedition up the river Niger, and succeeded in amicably settling matters with King Obo. Captain Brooke became C.B. in 1887, the Jubilee year of the Queen.

It was lately remarked, on the occasion of the early death of the Duke of Bedford, two years after succeeding his father, whose end was not less sad and sudden, that the public knew too little of the real merits of either of those noblemen. Mr. S. Whitbread, M.P., speaking on April 10 in Bedfordshire, where they were better appreciated, bore testimony which we note with satisfaction: "He could not help thinking when he saw the late Duke's body committed to its last resting-place how ill-understood an honest man's life might be. Both father and son had chosen, he thought, the better part; they devoted themselves to securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number of those whose lives they influenced, and they had left on the face of the vast tract of country which owned their sway enduring memorials in their churches, their schools, their cottages, and their farm-buildings—memorials which would long perpetuate their name and memory." As the Duke of Rutland, when Lord John Manners, once wrote in verse, many Englishmen will yet repeat, "Leave us still our old nobility."

Old London playgoers will be sorry to hear of the death of Miss Eleanor Bufton (Mrs. Arthur Swanborough), who from 1856 to 1872, mainly at the Strand Theatre, but also, occasionally, at the St. James's, the Princess's, and the Court Theatres, was a delightful favourite actress. She was born in 1840, and began her theatrical career, as a young girl, with Shakspeare's charming maiden characters, under the direction of that noble womanly tragedian Mrs. Charles Kean. As a *Hermia*, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," a *Hero*, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and *Nerissa*, in the "Merchant of Venice," Miss Bufton had both grace and power. Removing to the Strand, she became, for a time, the most popular actress of light comedy; but, some twenty years ago, severely injured by a railway accident, was obliged to desist, and rarely appeared on the stage in her later years.

One of our most truthful and characteristic English landscape painters, Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., died on April 6,



THE LATE MR. VICAT COLE, R.A.

the Suffolk Street Gallery in the twentieth year of his age, and soon found a place in the Royal Academy exhibitions.

His work of 1860, "A Surrey Cornfield, View near Leith Hill," was deservedly admired and remembered. Scenes of that kind, showing the rural beauty of southern England at the end of August, with the yellow harvest-fields bounded by the dark verdure of woodlands, proved most attractive to lovers of the country. Public favour, therefore, spontaneously declared itself for Vicat Cole; he became a candidate for the honours of the Royal Academy, was elected an Associate in 1870, and produced, with many other good pictures year after year, his "Richmond Hill," in 1875, commended by Mr. Ruskin for its exquisite treatment of that subdued light under the trees which is one of the loveliest effects of nature. The artist became a full Academician in 1880.

It is part of Mr. Grant Allen's mission in life to take his countrymen down a peg or two. Mr. Gladstone hinted in the House of Commons lately that Englishmen were apt to confuse fame with "self-conceit," and Mr. Grant Allen has been delivering sprightly homilies on the same text. He stirred up Admiral Maxse by decrying "patriotism" as the unworthy instinct of monopoly, and he has filled some excellent citizens of London with lively indignation by calling the Metropolis a "squalid village," and comparing it unfavourably with some foreign cities; so there is much rushing into print to extol the beauties of the Surrey side of the Thames, the old houses in Holborn, Fountain Court, the view from Waterloo Bridge, and many other æsthetic trophies which Mr. Grant Allen has disdained. To the question, "Is London Ugly?" there comes an emphatic negative in varying keys of scorn and contumely for the audacious writer who suggests such a heresy. Mr. Grant Allen allows that the country in England is beautiful, and he tells his foreign friends to make the most of it. The most fitting revenge for the patriotism Mr. Grant Allen despises is that after having duly appreciated the scenery round Dorking, the foreigner-visitor should examine the "squalid village," and return to Mr. Grant Allen with ecstasies about its charms.

A remarkable article by Mr. Frederic Harrison in an American review discloses that brilliant apostle of humanity in the character of a pessimistic critic of fiction. Mr. Harrison thinks the novel has run its course. It no longer claims the attention of active minds which are over-refined by criticism or absorbed in political conflict. We are so desperately critical now that we can neither write fiction nor read it, and we are all so enslaved by the Home Rule controversy and the Newcastle programme that we have no time for fictitious vagaries in three volumes. Mr. Harrison fixes the initiative of this decadence of English fiction about the year 1865. That was the year in which Palmerston died, and in which this great political and social unrest of England began. Since then our minds have been running on Reform Bills and the higher criticism. As a piece of philosophy, Mr. Harrison's explanation is not quite convincing. There seems no reason why political turmoil should check the growth of any art. They have turbulence enough and to spare in France, but the fact that France has enjoyed about twenty Ministries in as many years does not appear to affect the productiveness or the quality of her novelists. Criticism creates, no doubt, a demand for a high standard, but Mr. Harrison would probably be surprised by the number of cultivated people who still find pleasure in a workmanlike story.

The late Mr. Daniel Watney, a distiller and brewer, was a man of abilities sufficiently proved and recognised in the



THE LATE MR. DANIEL WATNEY.

discussion of questions of public interest to merit some notice at his decease. More than twenty years ago he took an active part in controversies on the working of the Education Act of 1871, and, as Master of the Mercers' Company, was practically associated with schemes for the reform of endowed

schools. His active mind, with notable independence and originality of thought, engaged in various other inquiries, especially currency problems and the system of a Bimetallic standard of value, upon which he wrote many published letters. One personality, whose whereabouts has been the subject of eager inquiries at meetings of unfortunate shareholders, creditors, depositors, and other victims of the Liberator Society, and the group of building, land, and banking companies connected with it, swallowing up £7,000,000 of their money, is Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour, now reported to be in the city of Buenos Ayres. Questions have been asked in Parliament, as well as of the police authorities, with a view to Government action for procuring the apprehension and extradition of this gentleman, and a criminal prosecution in England. A Buenos Ayres paper, the *Times of Argentina*, states that he is still in that country, and many people will be glad to see him brought safely home.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187, Piccadilly, for the portrait of the late Captain Arthur Brooke, R.N.; to Mr. Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street, W., for that of the Dean of Winchester; to Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, for those of the late Mr. Daniel Watney and the late Vicat Cole, R.A.; to Messrs. Valentine and Sons, of Dundee, for the views of Winchester Cathedral; and to Mr. A. Bobone, of Liston, for that of Sir George Petre.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, residing with her daughter Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and with Prince Henry of Battenberg, at the Villa Palmieri, was visited on Monday, April 10, by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who had, with the Marquis of Lorne, arrived at Florence the day before. They went together to the picture galleries of the Uffizij palace. The Queen went to those of the Pitti palace on Saturday, April 8; on the Friday, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice visited the Church of Santa Maria Novella; and, on Tuesday, April 11, that of the Annunziata. On Thursday, April 13, the King and Queen of Italy would come to Florence to meet her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales, on Thursday, April 6, went to Devonport on a short visit to his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, Naval Commander-in-Chief at that port, and stayed at Admiralty House. Their Royal Highnesses, in the evening, attended a concert at Plymouth Guildhall; and in the following days visited the dockyards, naval barracks, Sailors' Rest, and several ships of the fleet. They were entertained at Government House by the military commander of the district, Major-General Sir R. Harrison, and at Langdon Court by Mr. and Mrs. Cory. On Sunday morning their Royal Highnesses attended service at the Dockyard Chapel, Devonport, proceeded to Mount Edgcombe Park, and lunched with the Earl of Mount Edgcombe. The Duke of Edinburgh gave a dinner in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit. On Monday morning the Prince of Wales left Devonport for London.

The royal yacht Osborne, with the Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke of York on board, arrived at Corfu late on Thursday night, Aug. 6, and were met by King George of Greece. His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, after staying two or three days, proceeded to Athens, by way of Corinth, arriving at the capital of Greece on Monday, April 10, at noon. The Princess of Wales and her son and daughters were welcomed by the Queen of Greece and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta.

The series of great demonstration meetings held in Ireland and attended by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, against Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill, continued to the end of the week. On Wednesday, April 5, Mr. Balfour left Belfast and was the guest of the Duke of Leinster at Carton, in Kildare, from which place he came to Dublin, stayed at Lord Iveagh's town house in St. Stephen's Green, and on Saturday addressed a meeting of five thousand people in the Leinster Hall, received numerous Unionist deputations and addresses, and was escorted home by a torchlight procession of students of Trinity College. He returned next day to London.

A serious conflict between the dock labourers at Hull and the shipowners of that port, since April 5, has greatly interfered with its traffic, and has excited the former to threats and violent acts, which have made it necessary to bring in a military force to aid in preserving the peace. Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., secretary to the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, and Mr. Ben Tillet, an alderman of the London County Council, are foremost as leaders of the agitation on behalf of the dock labourers; while Mr. Charles Wilson, a member of a large ship-owning firm, heads the resistance to their demands. The strike, as usual, very soon led to the employers sending for men who did not belong to the Dockers' Union; the union men endeavoured, by force, to prevent the new hands coming and setting to work. Police protection was therefore demanded of the mayor and magistrates, and soldiers were called in to support the police. Up to Tuesday, April 11, these measures had proved effectual; nearly a thousand "free" labourers, or not belonging to the union, had been brought to Hull from London and other ports; about four hundred more arrived that day, and work was going on in the Albert, the Alexandra, and the Victoria Docks. The strike includes seamen and firemen, as well as dockers. The organisation of the employers, not merely local, is styled "The Shipping Federation." A couple of gun-boats have been sent to Hull, but the presence of dragoons and other troops seems likely to be sufficient to prevent actual fighting or acts of outrage. In the meantime, Messrs. Wilson have succeeded in despatching to sea with federation crews several of their steamers which had been blocked by the unionists. The loading of the Wilson liner Montebello was carried on by Messrs. Wilson's clerks; the dockers attempted to interfere by throwing stones at the vessel, but were promptly charged and driven off by the police. The windows of the federation office were broken by a mob of dockers. Mr. J. H. Wilson has held meetings at Cardiff to support the Hull strike.

A mass meeting of about 3000 of the workmen employed at Woolwich Arsenal, Enfield, and Waltham Abbey was held on Saturday, April 8, on Plumstead Common. A resolution calling on the Government to institute an eight-hours day for all employed in ordnance factories, without reduction of pay, was supported by Messrs. J. Burns, M.P., Keir Hardie, M.P., and Tom Mann, and unanimously carried.

On the same afternoon, in Trafalgar Square, there was a meeting organised by the "London United Workmen's Committee" to protest against the Direct Veto Bill introduced by Government, enabling a majority of the rate-payers of any parish to shut up all the public-houses. The advocates of compulsory total abstinence from alcoholic drink mustered strong on the other side, and when the demonstrationists arrived on the scene in procession, with banners, there was a good deal of scuffling, many of the banners being torn to pieces. Some vehement disputes took place on and about the various platforms, and an amendment favouring the Bill was carried. The energies of the police were severely taxed in preventing a violent collision between the hostile crowds.

Replying to a deputation from the Liberal and Radical

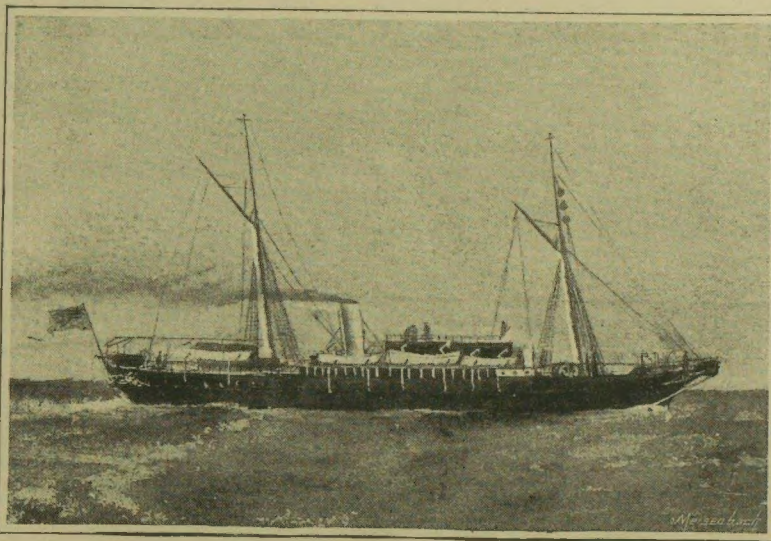
Anti-Sunday Closing Union, who asked him to oppose the clauses of the Bill, Mr. R. K. Causton, Junior Lord of the Treasury, said he did not think they need have much fear that those clauses would ever be adopted in London. If the Bill were read a second time it was inevitable that it should be so overhauled in Committee as totally to transform its scope and render its proposals more acceptable to the conflicting interests involved than they were at present.

The London County Council, on Tuesday, April 11, received from Mr. E. Spicer, chairman of the Finance Committee, the accounts and estimates for the year. There was a net increase in estimated expenditure of £31,700, over and above the provision to be made for technical education and certain decreases in receipts, making a total additional amount to be raised of £87,000, which would involve an addition of 1d. in the pound on the rates. The estimates were, after considerable discussion, approved. Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., was elected an alderman in succession to Lord Lingen, resigned. On the same day polling took place in Clapham for the election of a member of the County Council in the room of Mr. F. Henderson. The result was the return of Colonel Rotton (Moderate) by a majority of 185 votes over Mr. D. Martineau (Progressive).

The Irish Unionist Alliance of Dublin has issued a manifesto to the Unionists of the south and west of Ireland, urging the necessity of more complete organisation, inviting them to register themselves with a view to the election of a representative council, and requesting contributions to a guarantee fund. A meeting of members of the Royal Irish Constabulary stationed in the city and county of Cork adopted resolutions expressing dissatisfaction with the proposals embodied in the Home Rule Bill with reference to the force.

By a fire which broke out on April 11 in the workings of the Great Western Colliery, Rhondda Valley, South Wales, the egress of a large number of men who were in the pit was prevented; and though upwards of seventy were rescued during the evening, it is thought that at least fifty were still in the workings, and their fate was uncertain.

A council meeting of the Central and Associated



THE TELEGRAPH-SHIP MONARCH LAYING TELEPHONE CABLE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

Chambers of Agriculture was held on April 11, at which the Special Committee appointed to confer with Lord Winchelsea presented a report of their negotiations with the Provisional Council of the National Agricultural Union, and, while regretting that the rules and organisation adopted by the Provisional Council will, in their opinion, prevent the fusion of the two societies, expressed a hope that both bodies may work harmoniously side by side for the common good of agriculture.

The final report of the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties has been laid on the table of the House of Commons. The Commissioners estimate the amount paid as royalty on coal and metals worked in the United Kingdom in 1889 at £4,665,043, and the charge for way-leaves in the same year at £200,000. They are of opinion that the system of royalties has not interfered with the development of the mineral resources of the United Kingdom, or with the export of coal to foreign countries; nor do they consider that the system demands any considerable legislative interference; but they suggest legislation granting greater facilities for the working of minerals in certain special cases; for the granting of mineral leases for longer terms by corporations and public bodies; and to prevent the serious obstacles to the development of minerals in Ireland likely to arise from the multiplication of small proprietary rights. They also suggest the reorganisation of the Department of Mines in the Home Office, with a view to the more complete collection and publication of mining statistics.

The total number of persons employed in and about the mines of the United Kingdom in 1892 was 721,809, of whom 6099 were females above ground. There were in the year 862 fatal accidents, causing the deaths of 1034 persons, or one for 679 persons employed.

The Courts of Law reopened on Tuesday, April 11, after the Easter Recess. The adjourned trial of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Sir Henry Isaacs, Mr. Joseph Isaacs, and Mr. Charles Dolman, directors of the Hansard Union Company, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, would be resumed in the following week.

The appointment of the Royal Commission to consider the conditions under which the amalgamation of the City and County of London can be effected is formally announced. The Queen has appointed Mr. George Edward Yorke Gladstone to be secretary to the Commission.

The election of Governor and Deputy Governor of the

Bank of England took place on April 11, when Mr. David Powell was re-elected Governor for the second year and Mr. Clifford Wigram was re-elected Deputy Governor for the second time.

The American steam-ship New York, which has left Southampton for the United States, includes among her passengers the following descendants of Christopher Columbus: The Duke and Duchess of Veragua, the Hon. Christopher Columbus and Aguilera, the Hon. Charles Aguilera, the Hon. Maria del Pilar Columbus and Aguilera, the Marquis of Barbolis, and the Hon. Pedro Columbus y de la Corda, to attend the Columbian festival in America.

The German Emperor has sent his life-size portrait in a magnificent Florentine frame, with autograph signature, to Professor Max Müller, in recognition of his lifelong services to ancient Indian literature, and as an acknowledgment for his new edition of the "Rig Veda," with Sayana's commentary, lately published under the patronage of the Maharajah of Vizianagram.

The Board of Trade returns for March show a decrease in imports of £2,703,781, and a falling-off in exports of £232,478. For the three months the imports show a decrease of £13,191,420, and exports a decrease of £3,588,607 as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The steamer Albert Edward, plying between Folkestone and Boulogne, was stranded on April 7 off Cape Grisnez, and it is feared that she will become a total wreck.

The reports of the condition of H.M.S. Howe, in the dock at Ferrol, since she was raised and floated off the rocks, are quite satisfactory. The operations were directed by Captain W. R. Edlind, for the Neptune Salvage Company, aided by Rear-Admiral Seymour and the officers and crews of the second division of the Channel Squadron.

In France, Germany, Austria, and on the European continent generally, the past week has not afforded any political events of importance. At Buda-Pesth, on April 10, a murderous attempt was made upon the life of the Hungarian Primate, Cardinal Vaszary, by a man who had formerly been in his service as cellarman. The Cardinal's secretary, Dr. Kohl, received five wounds in defending his Eminence, and his own life is in danger.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been received by the Emperor of Austria in a private and confidential interview at Vienna, on his way to Italy, where he is to be married.

Destructive earthquakes took place on April 8 and April 10 in Western Serbia. Great damage was caused in the towns of Svilajnac, Gradista, and Livadica-Cuprija. Many houses and churches are in ruins. There is much distress among the people.

In America President Cleveland has formally received Sir Julian Pauncefote as British Ambassador to the United States at Washington.

At Chicago, on April 10, the building and other workmen, to the number of 4000, employed in the preparations of the great Exhibition, went out on strike, but the dispute was settled next day.

The Canadian Government has entered into an arrangement with a Sydney shipping firm for a monthly service of steamers between Canada and Australia, calling at Hawaii. The Dominion Government pays a subsidy of £25,000 per annum.

In Burmah, renewed disturbances have broken out in the Kachin hills near Sima. A considerable number of Kachins have been in arms some days. The village of Kazu was raided and partly burnt.

Lord Roberts, the late Commander-in-Chief in India, has departed on his way home.

THE SUBMARINE TELEPHONE TO IRELAND.

The operation of laying a submarine cable for telephone communication between the shores of Great Britain and Ireland, for the telegraph department of the General Post Office, was performed during the first week of April. It might be fancied an act of some political or social significance in view of the contemporaneous discussions upon the question of Irish Home Rule; and those who believe in the eventful resistance of Ulster may indulge in speculations upon the purport of the messages likely to be sent to and fro by the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands. The northern extremity of the Irish Sea terminates in straits which are, from the Mull of Cantyre, in Argyllshire, to the coast of Antrim, only fourteen miles wide, but from Portpatrick and from the Mull of Galloway, in Wigtownshire, to near Donaghadee, in county Down, east of Belfast, have a width of twenty-one miles and a half, almost the same as between Dover and Calais. It is very doubtful whether, even in the latter route from the British to the Irish shores, the construction of a railway submarine tunnel would be expedient, because the Solway Firth, as far eastward as Annan, would compel the traffic brought from England by the London and North-Western line to turn at a right angle westward for Stranraer and Portpatrick, more than a hundred miles; which additional overland conveyance is probably more than equivalent, in cost and time, to the inconvenience of the steam-boat voyage from Barrow or Fleetwood, the nearest Lancashire ports. The direct route from Holyhead to Dublin, in any case, is not likely to be superseded. But these considerations do not affect the utility of the Wigtownshire and Antrim line for electric telegraph and telephone cables. Our illustration shows the Government telegraph-ship Monarch, from Woolwich, on April 3, employed in laying the telephone cable from Port Kail, on the shore of the Scottish south-western peninsula, to Donaghadee, which is a small town connected by railway with Newtownards and Belfast. Let us hope it will never carry other messages than those of peace and mutual satisfaction between the insular populations of the United Kingdom.

EIGHT HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The octocentenary of the consecration of the existing Cathedral Church at Winchester, erected by Bishop Walkelyn, in the year 1093, was celebrated on Saturday, April 8, by the performance of sacred music to a large audience in the nave; and on Sunday, at the morning and evening services, this occasion was the topic of sermons



THE DEAN OF WINCHESTER.

preached by the Dean of Winchester, the Very Rev. Dr. G. W. Kitchin, and the Bishop of Newcastle, while the Bishop of Winchester also took part in these services. The Mayor and Corporation of the city were present, and many of the inhabitants and

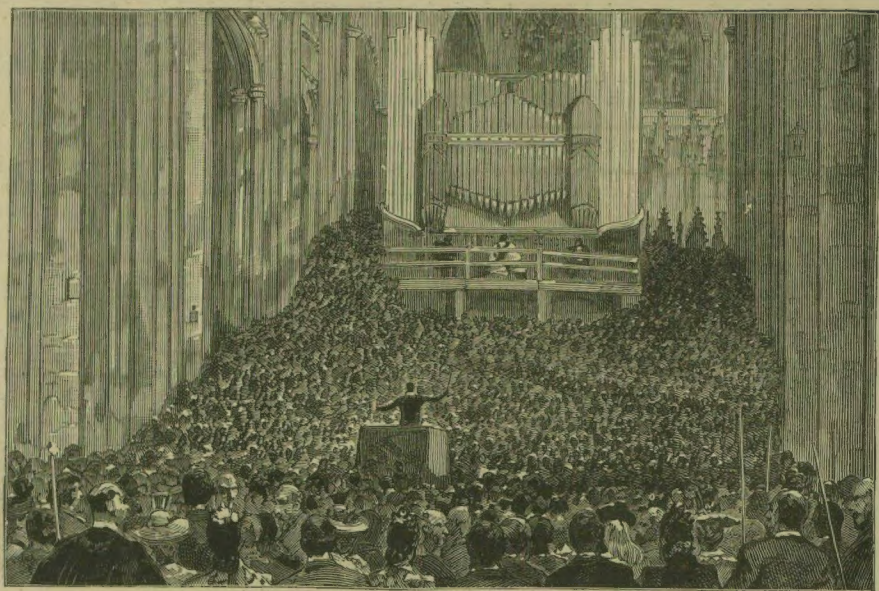
visitors attended the commemorative local festival.

Winchester Cathedral, though by no means equal in the grace of its proportions and the beauty of its architectural design and decoration to several other English cathedrals, is a grand and imposing structure; externally, perhaps, more remarkable than elegant, with its immense unbroken length of roof and its comparatively low, square tower; but the interior of the nave is certainly very fine, 250 ft. long, 100 ft. wide, and 110 ft. high, with noble pillars, arches, and lofty vaulted roof; the choir, extending 130 ft., and the Lady Chapel 54 ft., complete the longitudinal arrangement of the edifice with majestic effect.

The original church, founded by Cunegils, the first Christian King of Wessex, in A.D. 634, became connected with a Saxon monastery, of which, in the ninth century, under King Ethelwulf, the superior was St. Swithun. On

of Chancellor and Treasurer on prelates successively holding this wealthy see, its revenues were magnificently employed. William of Wykeham, an architect of great knowledge and ability, completed the rebuilding of the nave and western front, in the Pointed style, which Bishop Edington had commenced. This William of Wykeham had been clerk of the King's works at Windsor Castle before he was a bishop. He was the founder of Winchester College and of New College, Oxford. Another great bishop, churchman and statesman, was William of Waynflete, Chancellor of the realm in the reign of Henry VI. He succeeded Cardinal Beaufort, a son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in the see of Winchester, continued the building of this cathedral, founded Magdalen College at Oxford, and contributed much to Eton College and to King's College, Cambridge. Bishop Fox also, the founder of Corpus Christi at Oxford, a trusted Minister of Henry VII., added to the later decorations of Winchester Cathedral; so that its history, now legible in the finest stone-work of four centuries, extends almost from the Norman Conquest to the Tudor age.

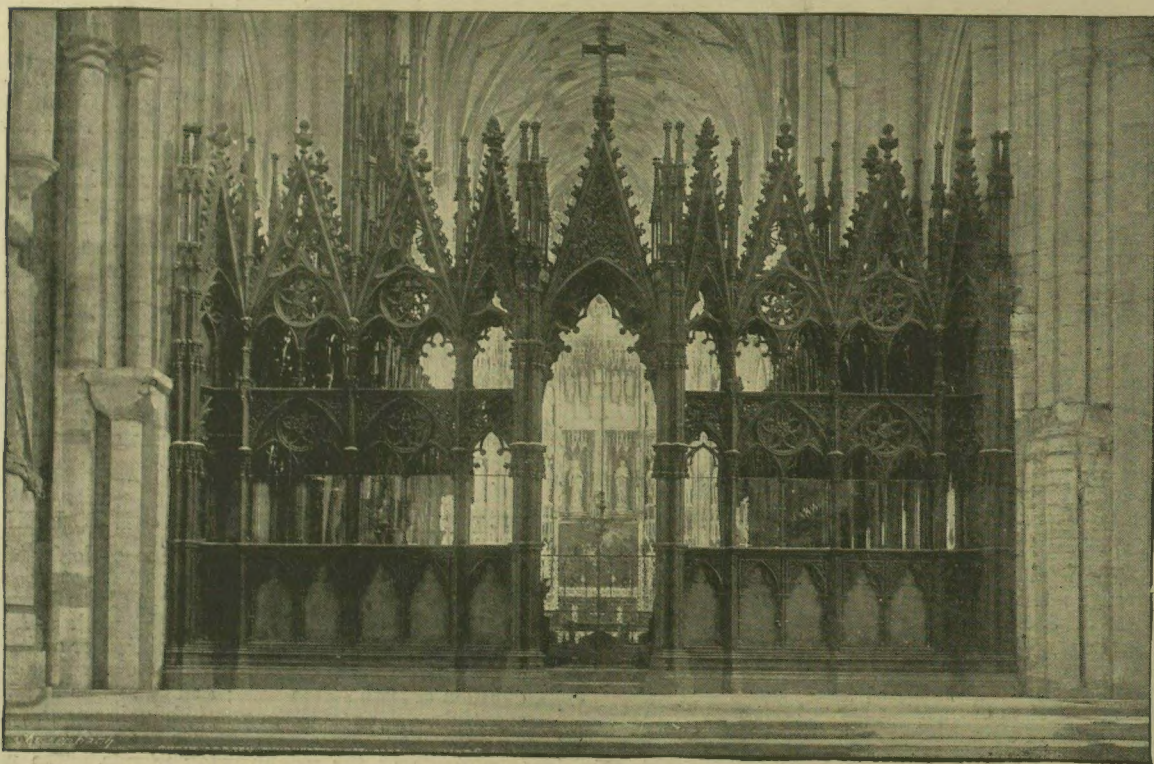
The tombs of these grand old Bishops of Winchester, who had, perhaps, more real influence than any barons or earls in the making of England, are interesting objects to the historical student. That of William of Wykeham, who died in 1404, is in the Chantry Chapel, on the south side of the nave; there lies his effigy, with mitre and crosier. Old Bishop Walkelyn, who began the vast building, reposes in the centre of the nave, beneath the feet of those who thronged on this occasion, after eight hundred years, to



MUSICAL SERVICE IN THE NAVE.

ancient Saxon church, supposed to contain the bones of Kings of Wessex, and of Egbert, Edred, Edmund, Canute, and William Rufus; but one thinks more of the bishops than of the kings. Even as secular administrators of power, the able prelates of Winchester and other sees appear figures of greater importance than most of the fighting princes. A Henry II. or an Edward I. were exceptions in English royalty. The intellectual superiority of the higher clergy was uncontested; they were the lawyers, diplomatists, financiers, and legislators of the realm; and "the pen was mightier than the sword."

For the commemoration festival a large platform, with tiers of seats, and with a special organ, had been erected in the nave, extending across four bays from the choir screen. The chorus and orchestra numbered 550, and consisted of the cathedral choir, the Winchester Choral Society, the Southampton and Philharmonic Choral Societies, the Test Valley Musical Society, and the London Stock Exchange Orchestral Society. The Mayor and Corporation attended in state, and Mr. Myers, M.P. for Winchester, was also present. The Bishop of Winchester had a special seat in the nave, and the proceedings began with a short devotional service, conducted by the Dean and Precentor of the cathedral. The principal performance was that of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and the programme closed with Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus. In the evening the Dettingen "Te Deum" was given; the band played Schubert's unfinished symphony, Bach's Pastoral Symphony, and Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture. Beethoven's "Hallelujah" concluded the performances.



THE CHOIR SCREEN.

the death, in 862, of that holy man, who was created Bishop of Winchester, and was afterwards canonised, his burial in the open churchyard was delayed by forty days' incessant rain. Hence the familiar popular proverb which has until now been often quoted in support of an unfavourable prediction of the weather, in the case of rain falling on July 15. The coffin of St. Swithun was, towards the end of August, laid in the grave by his monks; but, when the church was rebuilt, they removed it to a tomb inside. Winchester being the royal city, King Edward the Confessor was crowned here in 1042, and William the Norman, with his successors, maintained the dignity of this see. Among its bishops were some of the most eminent men, political and ecclesiastical personages, of the Norman and the early Plantagenet reigns. Such was Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen and regent of the kingdom; but in the fourteenth century, when Edward III. bestowed the great offices

hear the musical commemoration of his work. The middle arches of the presbytery contain the monuments of Cardinal Beaufort and William of Waynflete; the former with a beautiful stone canopy raised upon arches supported by eight clusters of pillars, most elegant in design, beneath which lies the sculptured prostrate figure; the latter, of similar construction, surmounted by elaborate pinnacles and finials, with more profuse ornamentation. Bishop William of Waynflete's effigy is guarded at the feet by an angel bearing a shield with his arms. The monumental chapel of Bishop Fox is a superb example of Tudor Gothic, built in two storeys, with a parapet, and divided by octagonal turrets into four compartments, with numerous arches and niches intended for statues; the deceased lies simply wrapped in a winding-sheet, not in his episcopal robes. He lived to 1528, almost to the outbreak of the Reformation. In this cathedral are still preserved certain mortuary chests, removed from the



THE NAVE.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By

WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

So, friend, your sleep was all your house.—Robert Browning.



"DON'T know exactly what you want to see," said Nelly next morning. "There can't be anything worth seeing about here. It's mostly hard work going on. That isn't much to see."

"I don't know exactly what I do want to see, unless it is everything. I want to see the busy hive at work; I want—oh! Nell, you can't understand what I mean. I want—I want to feel that things are real."

"Oh! they're real enough, if that's all," said Nelly, grimly. "Well, I will take you to the busiest place in the whole world. Work? They couldn't work harder anywhere if they were to try. And as for pay, times are never anything but hard, I can tell you. Real? Yes, things are real enough. But you shall come and see."

It was Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church; but on the broad highway along which Nelly led her companion there were few signs of any intention churchward. Sunday morning in the Summer invites the residents of this quarter out of doors. Sunday evening in the Summer calls them to the "Forest," to Dagenham Lake, to North Woolwich, to the River Lea. Sunday morning in the winter invites to prolonged bed—Sunday evening in the winter, I am told, sometimes presents encouraging signs of a churchward revival. The morning was bright; the two girls walked along with the elastic step of youth, and the light and colour which the rare summer sunshine puts into every maiden's cheek. To one of them the place was new, and the people and the talk. The wan thin ghosts born of seclusion and loneliness had already vanished. Francesca, interested in the new things, had forgotten the Hotel window and the Passing Show. She was outside; she was actually one of the show folk; she began to think of herself in connection with the show folk.

"I am going to take you to see my Great-Grandfather, for one thing," Nelly went on. "He's an old, old man—over a hundred. He's the oldest man in the country. Very likely he's the oldest man in the world. Because, you see, many old people think they won't be found out when they clap on ten years or so. But our old man's age is certified by his father's Synagogue. There can't be any mistake about it. People come to see him and to talk with him, because he's so old; they think he must be so wise and must know such a lot. Grandfather, who keeps the shop, is seventy-five, though no one would think it to look at him. He says it just makes him young only to look at his old Dad; makes him feel that there's five-and-twenty years and more before him yet. Think of being seventy-five, and feeling that there's five-and-twenty years before you. Five-and-twenty years of good business, perhaps. Mind, it's only our People who get like that."

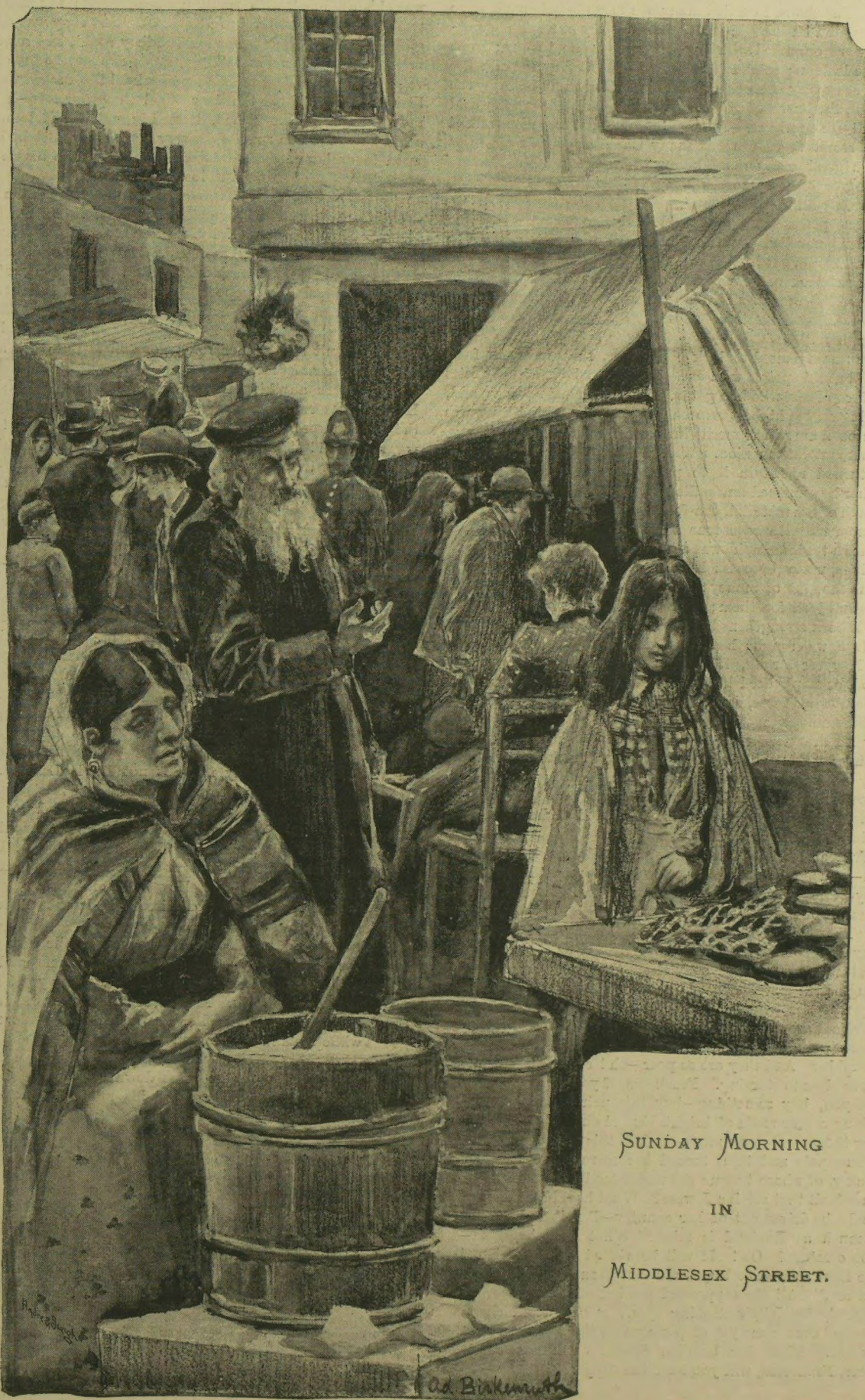
"Is he Clara's great-grandfather, too?"

"Oh, yes. Uncle Angelo was born over the shop. So was father. But Grandfather has never been lucky; while as for

Uncle Angelo, everything he touches turns to gold. This way, stick tight to me. There's always a crowd here on Sundays, But they won't hurt you."

The street into which they turned was thronged with people, not, as Francesca at first imagined, in order to do honour to this very old man, but in order to be present at a Fair. Except that there were no shows, no dwarfs and giants, no swings, and no blare of trumpets and beat of drums, it was a real old mediaeval Fair, in which things to sell were set out on stalls or booths along the street—quite a Fair after the manner of the ancients. The Fair of Beaucaire, when good King René reigned in the Castle of Tarascon, was just such a fair as this. Perhaps, if one had ever seen the place, it might remind one of Nijni Novgorod, or of Leipzig, or of our own Stourbridge Fair.

Some of the booths, or stalls, were covered over with awnings, to keep off the rain or the sunshine; some were open, some consisted of shelves loosely laid upon a common carter's cart, some were stronger structures, that could be taken to pieces and put up again. In this universal market everything conceivable was exposed to view. The staple, the most common wares were things connected with clothing of every kind: piles of men's coats and waistcoats lay on the stalls; rows of legs invited the purchase of trousers. There were feminine things, frocks of all colours and every material, hats with immense feathers and hats without, bonnets of every style and fashion, ribbons of every hue; there were boots and shoes, masculine and feminine; there were slippers of cloth, green and blue and yellow cloth; there were boys' caps with red and gold decorations; there were smoking-caps in green and blue with gold



SUNDAY MORNING

IN

MIDDLESEX STREET.

tassels: there were socks and stockings and woollen shirts—the latter at a shilling each, which should have made beholders weep salt tears at thinking of the sweated women who made them. Then, beside the clothing necessary in this cold climate, there were the things which make the luxuries of life: such as pipes, meerscham pipes—sham meerscham with sham amber mouth-pieces; cigar-holders in the same sham material; there was sham jewellery of the coarsest and commonest kind: bracelets, necklaces, brooches in sham gold with sham stones, glass rubies, glass emeralds, and diamonds of more than doubtful paste. There were, again, stalls for the sale of knives, forks, tools of all kinds; there were tables laid out with what looked at first like useless bits of scrap iron broken small; there were pictures, mostly the tawdry rubbish, coloured or plain, that is kindly exported from Germany for the more speedy destruction of whatever artistic understanding that may be feebly struggling for life in the brains of the people. These pictures were framed in that beautiful and costly material known, I believe, as Dutch gilt or Dutch metal. Somebody buys these pictures; one may see them in village inns: I believe that they are taken round the country by vans; I have even found them in seaside lodgings. There were stalls for selling account books, pens, paper, pencils. There was second-hand furniture exposed for sale, but of a kind which showed the extreme poverty of the young couple who would set up house with such a miserable collection of sticks—chairs that looked as if they would fall to pieces if a child sat on them, rickety tables which even when on view could not hold themselves upright, and woollen beds tied up in dirty bundles. Then there were stalls with things to eat—fish, sweets, cakes. And there was one stall on which were exposed for sale hundreds of photographs of beauteous maidens, for the most part in tights, smiling upon the swain inflammable who gazed upon them and longed for innumerable pennies so that he might buy them all.

The stalls were arranged in a double and sometimes a triple row, with gangways between them, so that there was a multiple stream of purchasers and spectators continually flowing past them. The shops, to which many of the stalls belonged, were all open, and business seemed brisk in every one. The gangways were crammed with people: some came to buy; some came to look on; some might buy or not, as they were in the mood, or as they were tempted; all of them came to enjoy the life of it, the bustle of it, the gaiety of it. Those who sold were all—or nearly all—Jews. But among those who walked in the street there were as many Christians as Jews; most likely a good many more, because nowhere can the Sunday morning be spent in more enjoyable fashion than at this Fair, held weekly all the year round.

"Nice place, isn't it?" said Nelly, to whom the scene offered no novelty. "Nice place for a young lady like you to come to, isn't it? Don't be afraid. Nobody will hurt you here; but look out for your pockets, you might lose your purse in the crowd. That's the worst that can happen. There's Christian thieves about. But you're among our people, here."

Francesca paused to look about her; the crowd, in fact, stopped at this point, with one consent, to look at the antics of a Cheap Jack, who had got a pair of housemaid's steps, and, standing on the highest step but one, was exhibiting his wares and proclaiming their merits in a cascade of words full, strong, and without intermission. Whether he put on a great-coat and turned round in it to point out its graceful folds, or whether he punched and pulled it to show the extraordinary strength of the material, the fellow never stopped talking for one moment. He was a true actor. Perched on his steps, he was not a tradesman, he was a benefactor; he was distributing blessings, not waistcoats; his face beamed with goodness; he had no thought of money; he was among friends; he made quips and jests for them; he received their gentle chaff, and gave it back strengthened, barbed, improved. The language, it is true, was rough; he did not disdain to employ any adjective, however strong, if it helped the sense, or rounded a period, or emphasised his meaning. The people below stood with upturned faces, each with a broad grin upon it—a broad grin and an open mouth.

"All that noise," said Nelly, "all that shouting and pretending for a few shillings! It is all he will make this morning. They are very badly off. I know the people. Yet he looks jolly with it. That is because it is the only enjoyment he has in the week—to get up on those steps and make a Tom Fool of himself. Let's go on."

Francesca noticed that some of the stalls were kept by single men—or a man and woman—of poor and wretched appearance, pasty-faced, anxious-eyed, who offered their wares silently in the midst of the babel.

"They cannot speak English yet," Nelly explained. "So many have come here of late from Poland or Russia. It's a dreadful thing for everybody else. Surely we were crowded enough already. Thousands have come over to run down the wages of our people. Oh! it's too bad. Our Board of Guardians are at their wits' end. Yet what were they to do? Where were they to go? Poor things! Don't they look miserable? And they are so poor—oh! so poor and destitute, and so close to starving. Francesca, if you've got your purse with you, buy something—buy this pair of slippers." She took up a pair made of bright blue cloth. "You will never wear them—but never mind—look at this poor woman." The woman, pale and thin; turned her sorrowful eyes upon the speaker, of whose tongue she understood not one word. "Is it her fault that she is a Jewess? What has she done that she should be driven out of her country—Russia is her country, as much as England is mine? What has she done—this poor creature? Oh! It will be visited upon the Russians. The Lord will smite them, and that soon. You will see, you will see." All the suppressed passion of her race broke out suddenly in Nelly's flashing eyes. "The world shall see! No good ever came yet of persecuting the People. Emanuel says so. What has befallen Spain? Oh! we shall see. Come, Francesca, will you have the slippers?"

Francesca chose two pairs, and gave her purse to Nelly, who completed the transaction.

"There," she said, with a little sigh. "This day they will eat. They can now pay the rent of their room, and they will eat. They don't eat every day, unless it is a crust of bread. Do you think you know anything about poverty—you?"

"You spoke to them. Do you know their language? Is it Russian?"

"No, they talk Yiddish. More than half the people here talk Yiddish. Sometimes Yiddish is Hebrew and German, sometimes it's Hebrew and Polish, sometimes it's Hebrew and Russian, sometimes Hebrew and Lettish. Theirs is Hebrew and Polish. I know a little of it. You can't come much into Middlesex Street without learning something of it. You want reality, Francesca—well, learn Yiddish, and talk to these people."

Francesca turned to look once more at the hapless pair. A wan smile played upon the pale cheek of the man. The woman, while she arranged her poor cheap wares—those gaudy slippers—watched the man with tender solicitude; her eyes resting on him: her very attitude showing her devotion to her poor, starving helpmate. Francesca forgot that the woman could not understand a word of English.

"Oh!" she cried, "can love comfort even you?"

"She doesn't understand," said Nelly. She said something in Yiddish. The woman took her husband's hand, and smiled and said a few words in reply. "She is happy with her husband," Nelly translated. "Why not? Man and woman are made for each other. There is nothing else." She looked at Francesca, wondering, for the tears stood in her eyes. What was there to cry about? One starving couple? Then, in these parts, tears must be plentiful. "There is nothing else in life—only love"—Nelly repeated.

They passed a little shop where feathers—ostrich feathers, large, bright-coloured feathers, and small dainty feathers—were in the window. The shop was very small; the window was old-fashioned, with small panes of glass; the floor was two steps below the level of the street. The shop was full of girls, all talking together as loud as they could, and a woman behind the counter was talking with them at the top of her voice—wonderful that so much noise should be made in such a little shop! Outside the door stood the proprietor—a little man, fat and well nourished, dressed in good broadcloth, with a silk hat. He was smoking a very large cigar, and he had a word to exchange with everyone who went into his shop or came out of it, or stopped to look in the window.

"Why," he cried—it was a rich, full voice, with a good deal of the racial "brogue" in it—"if it isn't actually Nelly! How are you, Nelly, my dear? It isn't often you come here of a Sunday morning. How's your father, my dear? And how's business? Step in, my dear"—he addressed a girl who stopped. "Step in; hats and bonnets, my dear, this morning—hats and bonnets—lovely! Such a show you never saw before! Step in and see for yourself."

"I haven't seen father for a good bit. But he's always away this time of year. How are you, Lewis?"

"Is there anything in my way this morning, Nelly?" Here he observed her companion, and instantly recognised the hat she wore. "My!" he cried. "What a hat! Oh! what a hat!!! There's nothing in here, Nelly—nothing at all, that your friend could so much as look at with such a hat as that upon her head. It's Truck, that's what is in there," he whispered; "Truck, compared with such a hat," he gasped, "such—such a hat! But there! it's good enough for them. WHAT a hat!" He kept returning to Francesca's hat, the sight of which in that street, and at that time, filled him with amazement. For, you see, he knew ladies' hats and ladies' bonnets, and everything that belongs to ladies' costumes. "It's all Truck, in there," he repeated, "don't look at it. Not but what if you come along some Sundays there might be something better. To-day it's hats and bonnets, next Sunday something else. Always something new. Another surprise every week. That's the way, isn't it, Nell? My word, though, what a hat! You come next Sunday, Nell, and bring your friend, and she'll see what I shall have to show. I say, Miss, if you don't know the inside of Madame Clotilde's, in New Bond Street, my name is not Lewis Lazarus. And Peter Robinson—unless it was Marshall and Snelgrove—had something to say, I reckon, to that frock, if I know things when I see them. What a lovely hat! Two guineas that hat cost if it ever cost a penny! Two guineas! Oh! I know Clotilde's hats." He sighed as at a vision of the Unattainable. "Come next Sunday, Nell! How's the old man?"

"We are going to see him directly? Is that Rebecca in the shop?"

"There she is, my dear. All the week, while I'm getting ready for the Sunday sale, she stays at home and keeps house. Little Isaac keeps shop then—but, bless you! there's no takings all the week. Middlesex Street only wakes up on Sunday morning. Then Rebecca comes here and sells the goods while I stand outside and pull 'em in. That's a Most lovely Hat, Miss—Nelly, you'll find the old man chirpier than ever. Last night he came down as soon as shop was opened after Sabbath, and smoked his pipe in the shop with all the people looking on. It must be a great comfort for him to see everybody looking on. A BEAUTIFUL Hat! Smoked the pipe through he did, and knocked the ashes out on his thumb-nail before they took him upstairs again. There's a man for you!"

"We'll come on Sunday next, Lewis—perhaps."

"Well, and about that lovely Hat? It's much too good for us here; they'd say it wasn't fine enough, but I know what it cost. See, Miss, if you care to think of it. I've got a little brooch of pearls. Oh! most beautiful pearls. I think we could make a swop. I don't know what you gave for it, but I know what Madame Clotilde got for that hat. Two guineas was not above the mark, I should say, when that hat was first bought."

Nelly nodded and laughed, and drew Francesca away.

"We'll talk about the hat another time," she said. "He is my cousin," she explained when they were out of hearing. "Lewis is my mother's nephew. He does very well; though, to look at him on a Sunday morning, with his beautiful clothes and his cigar, you would think he had nothing on his mind at all. The whole week through he's at work, buying cheap for the Sunday market, and contriving and inventing all the time, though you'd think he did nothing but get fat and talk to the girls. He knows what people want, you see. That's his secret. Oh! He gives it away. 'Find out what they want,' he says, 'and give it. That's all the secret. Don't persuade 'em. Don't teach 'em. Give 'em what they want.' And the money they take in that little shop would surprise you. He'd like to get that hat of yours for his pearl brooch, I daresay. But he sha'n't. Cousin Lewis is desperately sharp and clever. But he sha'n't get over you, Francesca. Not that you want his pearl brooch."

At this point they were stopped by the crowd. Francesca looked around. Just at this point the people seemed to be all talking that strange, soft foreign tongue that Nelly called Yiddish—and it was a dreadful, a terrible crowd to look at. The men were stunted and dwarfed, pasty-faced, narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested. They were mostly young, but there was no spring of life in their appearance, or in their faces; they were joyless faces; they were dull eyes; they looked, as they were, half-starved.

"You can do nothing, Francesca," said Nelly. "You needn't look at them like that. You can do nothing at all. These are the poor creatures come over here to drive low wages lower. They've all got wives, because they marry at eighteen, and the women are worse off than the men. You can do nothing. Oh! Francesca, what's the use of crying over them?"

CHAPTER XX.

Good old Chronicle,

Thou hast so long walked hand in hand with Time.—*Troilus and Cressida*.

The crowd dispersed a little, and they went on. "Here's the place," said Nelly, "and here's Grandfather."

It was a second-hand furniture shop: in front a few things had been put out on the kerb, things apparently calculated to deter people from looking any closer. The shop itself was full of sticks of all kinds. The proprietor stood at the door, looking over the heads of the people. He was a fine tall man, his black hair greying but not yet grey, apparently about fifty years of age: a man of somewhat haughty appearance, he looked as if he would disdain to harangue the multitude, or to invite them to buy his goods. This was the unsuccessful Grandfather, parent of Angelo the wealthy. The crowd went up and down, but no one seemed to enter his shop.

"Well, Grandfather," said Nelly, "how are you? I've brought a friend to see the old man. How is he?"

"He keeps up wonderful, Nell. Glad to see you, Miss. Take your friend upstairs, my dear. He went out in a hansom cab for an hour the day before yesterday. Rachel went with him, and he smoked his pipe down here in the shop when we opened last night, and drank a glass of beer afterwards for all the world to see. Wonderful! That's what they all say. Now, if every one that stopped to look at that old man yesterday had planked down a shilling for the show, a ten-pound note wouldn't have bought the money. Run up, Nell."

The first floor front was the family best room. Here, in a chair with a high back and shoulders as well as arms—a chair designed to keep off draughts—sat an old—old—very ancient man. Never a tall man, his figure was shrunken to the dimensions of an ordinary boy of twelve, so that for comfort he kept both feet on a high footstool, and had cushions at the back and sides of the chair for padding and support.

There was a small fire burning in the grate, though the day was as warm as one can expect in July, and the windows were shut, which was as well, considering the noise in the street below. The old man lay back in the chair, his eyes closed, half asleep. He wore a cap of green cloth with a gold tassel, which looked as if it belonged to one of the young men outside with a booth, rather than to this ancient one. But he still loved colour—a bit of colour and brightness. On the table beside him lay a Hebrew Bible, open, with a pair of spectacles upon the page; a clay pipe was also on the table. Two girls sat with him in the room sewing some stuff, which looked as if it was intended for the cover of a chair or sofa. The girls looked up—smiled a welcome, nodded, pointed to the old man in the chair, and held up warning forefingers. They were pleasant girls to look at, not unlike Nelly herself—small of stature, with calm and serious faces, housewifely, trustworthy, industrious, what we call, when we are very serious, good faces.

"Is he asleep?" whispered Nelly. "Some day he'll go off like this, in his sleep, from weakness."

"He won't go off for want of support," said one of the girls. "We watch him—he is never left alone: we give him food all day long—little and often. He nods and dozes for a bit, then he wakes up lively again. He's always like that."

"Look at him, Francesca!" said Nell. "They bent over the chair. The old man lay like a child, breathing so lightly that only by the gentle rise and fall of his chest one could tell that he breathed at all. His face was less wrinkled than one would expect at so great an age; but the cheeks had fallen in and raised the cheek-bones, and given greater prominence to a long and straight nose: his eyebrows were bushy: on his deeply sunken lips hovered still the survival of the seal of his race; that seal which never leaves the lips of the Hebrew."

"Look at him," said Nell, "he was born in the year 1789, a hundred and three years ago. Perhaps he is the oldest man in the world. At all events, he's the oldest man in this country, and he's my great-grandfather."

"He looks terribly old," Francesca murmured. "Is it any happiness to live so long, after all that one has loved have gone?"

"Why, he loves his children, and his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren. Rachel and Milly here—my cousins—are with him all day long to look after him. He can read his Hebrew Bible with spectacles; he eats and drinks well, and he's naturally proud of being so old. It's like standing on a tower above all the rest of the world, and we're naturally proud of him. All that makes him happy. All he wants now is to keep on living, and I'm sure I hope he will."

"He's as happy," said Rachel, "as a man can be, except for a little weakness. He can't do things as he used to, of course, and sometimes he groans a little, because he never could make any money. I tell him that the Lord doesn't bestow all His gifts on one man. To grandfather, here—we call him grandfather for short—the Lord has given health and long life, and many descendants: grandsons who have prospered and grown rich, like Uncle Angelo, and daughters and granddaughters to work for their husbands and all. Oh! he has had great, great gifts. He must not think of grumbling."

"All the same," said Nelly. "He has been very unlucky in his money matters. We must own that. Some men touch a sixpence and it turns into half-a-crown. As for this poor old man, when he touched a sixpence, which wasn't often, it turned into a penny. He's lived in the house where father and grandfather and everybody was born for seventy years and more, always with his shop open all the time and little in it, and no money taken. There's been time enough for some men to make half-a-dozen fortunes. But there, as Rachel said, we can't expect everything. He's had his share in other ways—a good deal more than his share. But he never could make any money."

"Nor grandfather either," said Rachel, "nor father, for that matter. Uncle Angelo's got the luck of the whole family; and your own father, Nelly"—

"Oh! Father is up one day and down the next. He doesn't mind much. He likes the ups and the downs, too. When he's up he enjoys himself. It's champagne all day, then. When he's down he waits till he gets up again. Hush! There he is, awake again."

In the middle of this girl's chatter, the old man opened his eyes and raised his head and looked about him. Perceiving the presence of a stranger, he straightened himself feebly, and waited to be addressed.

"Well, grandfather," said Nelly, "you remember me, don't you?"

"Ay, ay—you are Nelly; they call you Nelly. But you are Preciada—Preciada. It was my own mother's name. That's a long time ago, though—a very long time ago since my mother died; eighty years ago."

"This is my friend, Francesca, come to see you."

The old man nodded and lifted his heavy eyes. Then a strange thing happened, for upon his face there fell suddenly a glory as of sunshine, and he sat upright in his chair, strong and straight, clutching the arms with his long bony fingers. "It is Francesca!" he cried. "Oh! it is—it is Francesca! You have come to see me again after all these years. I thought you dead long ago—dead. I haven't seen you, Cousin Francesca, for eighty years and more, and now you have come again. Oh! my sweet Cousin—my dear Cousin—my pretty Cousin—not changed a bit—not a bit"—it was strange to hear such words of endearment from this poor old withered wreck with his shaking voice—"always the same beautiful girl—the same beautiful girl. Ah! But they didn't know it—they couldn't guess. There were no Venetian beauties outside the Ghetto to compare with those within! We kept them within. They never showed their faces outside."

"He remembers something," whispered Nelly. "You have reminded him of his young days, Francesca. I have never seen him like this before. Why, he looks fifty years younger."

"His mind wanders now and then," Rachel explained. "It is strange though. He has gone back ever so many years. There's a something in your friend's face that reminds him of some girl he loved. To be sure, she is one of the Sephardim herself. She is one of Us."

Francesca thought it needless to keep on explaining that she was a Spanish Moor.

"It isn't your cousin Francesca, grandfather," Nelly cried. "It's my friend, Francesca Elveda."

"No, no, it's Francesca Albu. Always pretty and sweet, Cousin Francesca. Doves' eyes are within her looks—her lips are like a thread of scarlet. A garden enclosed—a spring shut up—a fountain sealed—is my cousin—my Francesca."

"I suppose," Nelly whispered, "it's some girl he loved. Dead she must be long ago. You must be like her, Francesca. Strange that you should have her name."

The old man went on murmuring. Then his eyes dropped. He was conscious, in some vague way, that he was mixing up the past with the present. The girl's face brought back the past so vividly that he thought it was his cousin herself, still in her lovely youth. He was confused. A man so ancient has little hold of the present. So he shut his eyes and waited till the vision of the past should disappear.

In a few moments he opened his eyes again. He had come back to the present. It was only a modern young lady he saw now, not his cousin, Francesca Albu, at all.

"Ah!" he said, smiling faintly. "It does an old man good to see a lovely face. Just now, you almost reminded me of my cousin Francesca; she must be long since dead and gone. Ah! and old and toothless, too, before she went, I daresay, poor thing! You've got her face, though—her face. You are exactly like her. What is your name, my dear?"

"Francesca Elveda."

"Yes, one of Us. I have heard something about the Elvedas. Where? Never mind. I shall remember some time, I daresay. When you get to a hundred"—

"A hundred and three, grandfather," said Rachel.

"A hundred and nearly four," the old man went

on proudly, "you remember a surprising number of things."

"Tell the young lady about the Grand Army," said Rachel.

"I remember Venice very well." The old man was not to be hurried. He was working his way to the Grand Army. "I remember the city where I was born. My cousin Francesca was born there, too—my cousin Francesca—oh! so fair and sweet. I remember Francesca. We were not Italian Jews. They've got softer voices than we who come from Spain. We were in Spain for two thousand years: we went there before the time of the Maccabees. Oh! Ours is a very ancient family. We've had great men in our family, in the old time. But I was born in Venice."

"I have been to Venice," said Francesca softly. "I know its canals and its palaces."

"But you don't know the Ghetto."

"Yes, I have seen the Ghetto, though there are no longer Jews in it."

"I was born there. It was a narrow kind of place to live in, I remember. We had to live there. But the French Revolution came. Children, if we remembered the Ghetto as we ought, we should add another to the Hundred Benedictions, and one more prayer to the Eighteen, in order to praise the Lord for the French Revolution, which threw down the walls and let us out. I remember when the French came into Venice—what year was it? I forget. I was a boy of ten or eleven. First we thought there would be nothing but ruin and more misery for us. We hadn't much, but we should lose our all. Well! there was no disaster at all for us, but quite the contrary. For the Ghetto was thrown open. Blessed are Thou"—he held up his hands as one who prays. "O, Lord, our God—King of the Universe! who settest the people free. For that I have always loved the French."

"Do you remember Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"I saw him then, Napoleon the Great—who overthrew the Kings and opened the Ghettos all over the world, and set the People free. I saw him then and I saw him afterwards—twice I saw him. There was never any man like him. Sometimes I am sorry that I brought so much bad luck upon him. But it was not my fault."

"Oh! But how could you—a simple boy—bring bad luck to so great a General?"

"I don't know. Bad luck comes in many ways. We can't always keep it off. And he was a Gentile and unprotected. There are no charms to protect the Gentiles. Some people never have any good luck for themselves, and bring bad luck to everybody they keep company with. I was one of those persons, though I knew it not."

"What makes you think that you brought bad luck to Napoleon?"

"It wasn't by intending it. I didn't know it. I only found it afterwards. Yes—yes—I didn't know. I thought the French the greatest people in the world. And so, when I was eighteen, I joined their army. Not to fight. No! Not to fight. I had a cask of brandy and a hand-cart for all my possessions, and I followed the army with these. Oh! for a man born to be lucky it was an excellent way to begin. After a bit the cask became a wagon. I thought I was going to make my fortune. That was my thought, not to bring bad luck on Napoleon at all—not at all, why should I?—but only to make money. As for my brother, he went to Spain, and there after a time joined the British Army in the same way, and got on fast, and took contracts and grew rich—rich—oh! so rich. Well, why did he get rich, and why did I keep poor? He had luck, and I had none."

"So," said Francesca, "you were a camp follower to the French army, and you brought bad luck upon it. Did you ever see any battles?"

"Battles? Why, child, I was with the Grand Army. I went to Moscow with the Grand Army, and I came back with all that there was left of it. Napoleon never had any bad luck at all till I brought along my wagon-load of brandy. Oh! what a disaster! Never in the world was there such a disaster!" He stopped to shake his head.

"He will talk about that all day long, sometimes," said Rachel; "his mind gets full of blood and slaughter and starvation, when he talks about that time."

"What an army that was!" he went on. "Five hundred thousand men, with their artillery and their baggage wagons and their horses! Austrians and Italians, Germans, Poles, and French, all in the same army. What an army! I came, after walking along beside my own wagons filled with stuff for the thirsty soldiers. Oh! I did very well, I can tell you, very well—very well—all the way to Moscow. As for the camp followers, they were there by tens of thousands. They sold drink, like me; they came with music and singing, and they ran over the battlefields when the victory was won, and robbed the dead. But on the way back they all got starved or shot, and the money they'd made was carried off by the Cossacks. It is a long time to remember, eighty years ago. I must be the last man living who went to Moscow with the Grand Army and got home again. As for my beautiful wagons and my horses, and my money, everything was lost at Beresina, where we lost so many thousands of men. Everybody knows how many soldiers were killed, but nobody stopped to count the dead camp followers. After Beresina there was no more order. Napoleon left us. There were no longer any officers. The men fell down and were frozen to death. We fought for food; we devoured horse-flesh; we burned whole houses to keep us from being frozen. We were so wretched that the enemy disdained to make us prisoners. It was sufficient for them that we were flying from their territory. Some of their soldiers went mad with the cold and the starvation. What a time it was! What cold! What privations! What misery! Napoleon never recovered from that disaster. He was ruined, and so was I. Yes, children, if the Grand Army had been successful I should have been a rich man, and you should be all great ladies."

"And then you would never have lived so long as this," said Rachel; "because you can't expect to get everything."

"Perhaps not, child. But my wagons—my beautiful wagons! I got them safely as far as Beresina, and there I had to leave them. My beautiful wagons! Only think. They were loaded—not with brandy any longer, but with gold and silver cups, chains of gold, boxes full of gold, and rings and precious stones. Some I had got for myself when we pillaged Moscow. Most of the things I bought of the soldiers for drinks of brandy. A diamond brooch for a couple of glasses; a diamond ring for another glass; a gold cup for its contents in brandy. And all—all—all had to be left. That was the bitterest moment of my life—to leave my all behind me—to have to exchange my fortune for my life." He shook his head mournfully.

"We can't have everything, grandfather," repeated Rachel the Comforter. "See what a splendid long life you've had, and think what you can remember!"

"Oh! It is wonderful," said Francesca, "to talk with a man who was actually in the Grand Army!"

"Yes. I've helped to sack Moscow. And I saw Napoleon when he began the Retreat. He looked stern and hard. For he knew what was before him. We didn't know, and I thought I should get my wagons home as safely as I had brought them. I thought the French were invincible. Ay! I remember the burning of the city—oh! yes—and the soldiers running about everywhere. I remember." He dropped his head, and was silent for a few moments. "I remember that day very well, indeed. Down in the tombs of the Czars we found a young lady—a sweet and innocent young thing she was—frightened well-nigh to death. We did her no harm, but we took her to one of our Generals. Afterwards I saw her in the Retreat—all in rags—bare-footed and frost-bitten. Her long hair flying wild—her poor face haggard. I saw her flying with the soldiers. I saw her fall headlong in the snow. We swept past and left her there to die. Poor thing! Poor thing! They all died—all of them—they all fell down—those poor things—in the ice and snow and died. And nobody pitied them, because we were all flying for our lives. Poor thing! When we found her she was a pretty thing."

Francesca shuddered and changed the subject.

"You remember Waterloo, as well?"

"Yes—oh, yes. I was there. I had gone back to the cask and the handcart. I saw Napoleon the day before the battle, and I knew how it would go, because his face was like the face with which he left us after Beresina. Disaster was written upon it. Disaster and defeat. I trembled, thinking of my cask—the only thing between me and destitution. There was another dreadful misfortune! Napoleon fled when it was all over, and the British troops rode over the cart and all, and I had to fly for my life. So there was an end of Napoleon, and of me too, so far as the army went. I went soldiering no more—to be sure there was no more soldiering to speak of—and so I came over here, and got this shop, and here I've been ever since. Oh! I could tell you a great deal more about the Grand Army. Come and see me again and ask me questions. I remember the King of Naples and all the other Kings and Marshals and Generals. Come again, children, and talk to me—I like talking. At a hundred and nearly four there isn't much left except to talk now and then."

"Is he tired? Shall we go?" for the old man closed his eyes again.

"No," said Rachel. "Let him rest for a moment. That is all. Then ask him more questions. We think it does him good to talk and think. If he stops long without talking he becomes lethargic, and that isn't good for him."

Francesca looked round the room. It was crammed full of furniture of all kinds. On a sideboard there were three or four great glass bowls as big as punch-bowls: there was a cabinet in a corner which would have looked well in a West End house—her mother's house—on the walls hung family portraits which might have been used to illustrate the Art of Photography from the earliest times—the epoch of the great Daguerre—to these modern days. It looked like a place in which there had been a long accumulation of the things which the unbroken family life heaps up. Here the women had worked, as these girls were now working, for eighty years, always youth and age, children and grandchildren. Downstairs the surviving son stood in the family shop to sell the furniture: within, the quiet family life, humble and harmless: outside, the noisy, brawling crowd. All this going on from day to day, from week to week, from year to year, with no change other than the slow approach of age, a birth and a death, the departure of a daughter from the rule of her father to the rule of her husband.

"I've been in this same house," the old man opened his eyes again and took up the thread of his discourse, "ever since I came here in 1815. I borrowed the money of my brother to set me up. That's the last I ever saw of my brother. He was in great luck. He made a most wonderful great fortune. I came here in 1815. The quartern loaf was one and elevenpence farthing and tea was fifteen shillings a pound. Oh! I remember well. Here I married. And I've had sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, great-grandsons and great-granddaughters. Some of them have grown old and died. But I remain. And I remember everything. Oh! I am so old—so old—so old." He feebly rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"Don't mind asking him questions," said Nelly. "He's wide awake now."

What could this old man remember since 1815, compared with what he remembered before that date? What event would such a man, living in such a street, carrying on such a trade, in a way so humble and so obscure, be likely to remember? But Francesca asked him timidly if he took any part in politics.

He shook his head. "No; politics were not for me. I

hadn't a vote at all till I was past seventy. Besides, I had my business to attend to. No politics for me. But I remember," he said, "when the first Jew was made Sheriff of London; he was David Salomons—afterwards Lord Mayor of London. That was thought a great day for us. And I remember when Sir Moses Montefiore was made a knight. That was thought a great day. And I remember when our People were admitted to the House of Commons. But no politics for me; no, no."

"Have you forgotten your old language—the Venetian talk?" Francesca spoke to him a few words of that soft *patois*.

But the old man shook his head. "We used to speak like that, I remember. But I cannot tell what you are saying. It is eighty years and more since I heard that language."

Francesca desisted. What could the old man have to remember? Nothing but the little life of the crowded street, with the hopes and anxieties of the small trader; nothing, except for his brief and adventurous experiences as a camp follower, and the bad luck that he brought upon the unfortunate Emperor and Conqueror, to whose army he attached

"He's always been a stay-at-home," said Rachel. "Never happy except in his own chair with us about him."

"The woman always obedient to the man!" Francesca made this foolish remark because of the dispute that was continually going on in her brain. It was, however, ill-timed and out of place. She repented the next moment.

For before her eyes there arose a vision of four generations, a dozen families, all glorified and made happy by the women who took their place in the household lower than the men, yet without rebellion—all made happy by the women. These four generations might stand for all the generations since the world began, this being the Divine Order according to these simple people. They were quite humble; they were quite poor; but their lives were made happy for them by the devotion of the women—mothers and wives, and daughters and granddaughters. As were these, so were thousands upon thousands around her. Francesca thought of the half-starved people who could speak no English, and sold their blue and green cloth slippers; she remembered the look of dependence one upon the other. It takes but a moment of time

cousin—you are like Francesca—my cousin Francesca Albu, whom I left at Venice—my cousin—so lovely and so sweet. Ah! I was young then. I loved her—and you—you—you are like her." His eyes closed and his head dropped.

(To be continued.)

The town of St. Helens, in South Lancashire, has received from one of its Aldermen, Colonel David Gamble, the munificent gift of £20,000, with a large piece of land well situated, for the erection of a Free Library and Reading-room, and of a School for Technical Education.

At the annual meeting of the Florentine Society for the Protection of Animals, founded by Countess Baldelli, her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg presented the prizes. The Prefect, Count Capitelli, and the Syndic of Florence, Marchese Torrigiani, took part in the meeting. Queen Victoria has become patroness of the society.

A lamentable disaster took place on the Bosphorus at Constantinople, on April 2, to one of the steam-boats belonging to the Sultan's palace, employed in conveying some



Here, in a chair with a high back and shoulders, sat an old—old—very ancient man. Two girls sat with him in the room.

himself and his misfortunes. Nothing but the little mean life among the *petites gens* low down in the world. No art, no literature, no culture, nothing that makes the higher and the nobler life. What could he remember—this poor old man? Even a daily paper had not been one of his necessities. What could he remember that was worth inquiring into?

Do you know how, at some moments, the words we use seem not to be ordered in the usual fashion, by brain and will, but by some outside influence? This happened at this moment to Francesca.

"You are a very old man," said Francesca. "Your life, since you came here, has been happy, in spite of your illness?"

"Surely—surely. To live is happiness. Thank God, I have always been happy."

"What has made you happy? You have had no success in your business, such as you call success. You wanted to make money, as your brother had done. And you could not. You should have been unhappy."

The old man pointed to the girls. "They have made me happy," he said. "These girls and their mother, and their grandmother, and their great-grandmother, have made my happiness. The man does the work and the woman makes the happiness. The man makes the money and the woman spends it for him. All the happiness is made by the women at home for the men who work."

to think of these things. Her heart was touched; her eyes filled.

The girl Rachel looked up surprised at the remark, and at the humid eyes of the speaker. "Obedient?" she asked. "Why should we not be obedient? What happiness can there be for a woman except to obey her husband or her father? You wouldn't, surely, expect us to work for ourselves, would you?"

"No—no—I only meant"—

"When we all work for each other we are all happy. You ought to know—you—that our people make the happiest families in the world. Why? Because everything is ordered with us according to the Law of the Lord. The father rules, and the wife and children obey. Christians are miserable because they will not acknowledge the Law. Yet it was meant for them as well as for us—for us first—for them afterwards. And as for this dear old man, what would we not all do to keep him alive and happy?"

Francesca got up. "Thank you," she said to the Patriarch, "I hope that you will live many years—yet—many years," she repeated, taking his hand, "many years in full possession of all your faculties, and with your great-granddaughters around you to keep you happy."

"Ah!" His face lit up, and he pulled himself upright. "If it please God. If it please God. There is nothing like long life, is there? Come again, my dear. You are like my

members of the Imperial household to a Court banquet. The vessel was sunk by a collision, and sixty persons were drowned. A costly service of plate was also lost.

A fine new British ship, built of steel, the King James, in her first voyage, conveying coal from Newcastle to San Francisco, has been destroyed by fire, while at sea off the Californian coast. The fire was discovered on March 19, and burnt ten or eleven days, in spite of the efforts of the officers and crew to subdue it, until the flames burst through the deck. The men took refuge in two boats, only one of which has reached land; it is feared that the commander and second mate, with half the seamen, are drowned.

On Wednesday, April 5, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, M.P., nephew to the late Earl of Beaconsfield, took possession of the Hnghenden Manor estate, High Wycombe, left to him by his uncle's bequest. The occasion was made one of local public festivity. A committee had been formed to manage the preparations, triumphal arches had been erected on the road by which Mr. Disraeli approached the park and the mansion, and he was met by deputations with addresses of welcome, congratulating him on his inheritance of the property. Mr. Disraeli entertained a large number of cottagers and labourers, with their wives and families, at an open-air tea-party in the afternoon, and invited his tenants and other friends to dinner in the house. In the evening there was a display of fireworks in the grounds.



SPRING FLOWERS.

THE VIKINGS' BONES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

To aid in the Restoration of Superstition, what a glorious task that would be for a man! At various times, in various places, with some subtlety and tact, I hope, I have laboured towards this noble end. In the essay on "Apparitions" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* I have attempted to place ghosts in a favourable light, for which some scientific characters have upbraided me. I have defended wraiths and fetches from the telepathetic and far-fetched subjective hypotheses of the Psychical Society. "A ghaist's a ghaist for a' that." Lately, in these very columns, I advanced arguments in behalf of a Brownie. Life, plus superstition, is more variegated and better worth living. Let us believe as much as we possibly can! For the exact veracity of the following narrative I cannot vouch; it comes to me "at third hand, as good as second," so the Psychical Society sometimes says. The moral is excellent, "Let sleeping Vikings lie," and the style, a less archaistic following of Mr. William Morris, seems appropriate to the topic.

Here begins the tale, and tells of a man of Nithdale, hight Major Lambert: hard-headed was he and hard of belief, for he trowed naught either of ghost or troll, nor deemed he aught worthy a man save only the slaughter of men and of deer. This man fared to Norway, as his custom was yearly to fish for salmon; so it befel that he dwelt near to a barrow wherein were buried the bones of a great Viking of old time. This barrow the Major let harry; taking away of the dead lord's bones as much as might fill a great chest, and also of his painted coffin a good portion; and this deemed he no ill deed, but one that might have praise of all folk, and chiefly of men learned; and therewith fared he home.

There was a man hight Lord Tarras; he was of great kin, and was well liked by the Major; he had yet another friend hight Olaf: these twain dwelt each in his stead in Nithdale, not far one from the other. To each of the twain the Major gave of the Viking's bones that he had dug up, and of his coffin; whereof they were full fain, and let hang them in gleasom ambries in their front halls, deeming them the best of gifts.

Now it befel that the Major was sick, in such wise that he kept his bed for a twelvemonth, and he deemed that sickness might be his bane, for he was a foresighted man, and foresped his own weird. Then he let send a message to Olaf that he was sick, who came to see him thereon, and asked what ailed him? Thereon said the Major, "Thou knowest, Olaf, that heretofore I have recked little of dreams nor trowed I aught of fetch or ghost, seeing I deemed naught true but that which men see with their fleshly eyes. Yet now, I pray thee, get rid of the Viking's bones that I gave thee, and bid Tarras get rid of his, before evil come thereof; for these bones have been my bane, and may be yours. For each night as I lie abed, that Viking cometh to me and maketh moan over his bones which I took away, and threateneth me with ill words, saying that his bones shall be the bane of whosoever owneth them. A big man he is, and a goodly; right grim of aspect withal, having a great yellow beard, and great blue eyes that he rolleth in fearful wise. And sometimes he bringeth his wife with him, but oftenest he cometh alone: methinks he keepeth his thumb hard down upon the wife, as is well fitting." And therewith the Major sang a stave—

"Hard is it holding
Dealings with dead folk,
Ill hap to be haunted
By dweller in barrow.
Now from this deathbed
Rightly I rede thee.
Bury the bones deep
In some carle's cornfield."

Then Olaf grieved for his friend, deeming that his mind was sore weakened by sickness; but the Major sang another stave—

"Not in our neighbours' ground
E'er let those bones be found,
Fearful of omen.
Keep them not close at hand,
Lay them in strangers' land,
Field of the foemen."

Now Olaf left him and fared home, and so it was that the Major endured not long that scathe, but died, and was laid in howe. Thereat men sorrowed sore, deeming it great scathe. Then was Olaf greatly troubled in mind, and he sent tidings to Lord Tarras of the matter; who, being filled with fear, sent out speedily and buried the bones he had on the farm of Pittendreich, whereof the lord had fared to Vinland the Good, where it was deemed that the Viking would scarce be minded to seek after him.

But Olaf's portion was yet unburied, wherefore his thoughts troubled him, and he wotted not what rede to follow. "For," said he, "my farm marcheth but with the lands of Ettrickdale and of Glengaber: both of them good men and true, and of mine own kin. Lo! I will bestow the bones on the ground of Bruce of Tinnis, seeing he hath a churl's heart, and is little loved by any man living."

So Olaf took a spade and fared forth to do this deed. But whenas he was digging the hole three thralls came

and looked at him from over a wall, whereat his heart failed him, and he fared home again with his box of bones, for he said, "Belike it hath a wondrous ill look, this burying of bones in strange fields, nor will these thralls spare to spread lying tales about me." Then thought he to slay these thralls, but the thing misliked him, and he slew them not.

Then he bethought him of the stead of Holywell hard by, and how that no man dwelt on the land, for it had been sold to an old carle hight Smithers, and he had not yet come to take possession. So Olaf buried the bones on his land, for he said, "Naught know we of this man Smithers: belike he is a churl's son, and of no good kin."

Now there dwelt there a woman, the wife of Glengaber, and her name was Kitty; fair was she and of good kin, and the most stirring of women. So on a day Olaf rode to see her, and greeted her well, and well she took his greeting. And he told her of the burying of the Viking's bones, and how that they lay on her next neighbour's land; but little she recked thereof.

So wore the time until Smithers should come to his stead; but on that same day that he took earth and water and fire thereof he was stricken with sickness and died. Now Smithers is out of the story. Thereafter his son dwelt at his stead. He was a young man and of great wealth, but feeble was he of body, and all things went amiss with him; so on a day Kitty went to Olaf and said: "Greatly it grieveth me for Smithers Smitherson, seeing he cometh to great scathe and loss because of the Viking's bones that thou hast buried in his field; and yet the young man is sackless of the deed and of no ill mien; wherefore, go thou and dig up the bones again and take the Viking's curse from off him, so may his ill fortune be amended."

So Olaf fared forth and searched for the bones to take them away; but in no wise could he light on them, because that men had drained the field where they were hidden and altered the fences, so he prayed Kitty to say naught of the matter, seeing they might not better it betwixt them. Therewith Kitty sang a stave—

"Ill was thy counsel,
Olaf Tomlinson.
Naught was thy need to
bring
Bones of dead Norsemen.
Kinder to lay them
Low in the lykeyard:
Safer to sink them
Down in the deep sea;
Best to have borne them
Back to their barrow."

But that Viking's bones abide in the fields unto this day, and no man wotteth where they lie. And the owner of those lands still tholeth evil fortune. And herewith hath this tale an ending; whereby may all men see, and chiefly such as folk clepen archæologists, that it is ill dealing with bones of men dead, and best it is to let them bide in howe.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Attention may safely be paid to the rumour that the Government do not intend, unless compelled by the Welshmen, to read the Suspensory Bill a second time. They propose to substitute a resolution of the House affirming the principle, and pledging themselves to bring in a Disestablishment Bill on these lines as the first business of their second Session. Whether this proposal will be accepted by the Welsh Liberals is doubtful. They, or at least the Radicals among them, have no confidence in Mr. Gladstone where Church matters are concerned.

A very good suggestion deserves seconding—that Keble's "Praelations," delivered during his tenure of the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, should be translated from the Latin. Who could do this more satisfactorily than his biographer, Mr. Lock? Keble's theory of poetry is worth quoting: "It is the utterance of feelings that struggle for expression, but which are too deep for perfect expression at all, much more for expression in the language of daily life."

The impending meetings of the Scottish General Assemblies are looked for with unusual interest. The Free Church celebrates its jubilee. During the fifty years of its life this body has raised about twenty-two millions. There are over three hundred thousand communicants, and the yearly income is more than £600,000. The Established Church meets under the threat of Disestablishment. This is nothing new; but the fact that a Government is for the first time pledged to introduce a Disestablishment Bill gives seriousness to the situation and prevents the discussion from being merely academic. The Establishment in Scotland is in a state of great prosperity. It is drawing nearer the Church of England—the son of a late Moderator, Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, and the son of the present Moderator, Dr. Marshall Lang, being curates in this country.

Some recollections of Church life in Brighton are published in the current number of the *Newbury House Magazine*. Like so many Brightonians, the writer seems to have lived through the period of F. W. Robertson's remarkable ministry without appreciating it in the least. Of Mr. Wagner, however, he remembers a great deal. We have a glimpse of the author of "Mehalah" in his youth.

"One evening I remember the visit of Mr. Baring Gould to say 'good-bye' on his leaving St. John's College, Hurst, where he had been for a short time a master. Who would have thought that the tall, fair, bright, youthful-looking man would develop into the voluminous author, the biographer, historian, antiquary, sermon-writer, and novelist that we know so well?"

A falling off in the attendance at Easter services has been noticed this year. The novelty of the "three hours" has worn off. But popular preachers still attract crowds.

The Venerable Archdeacon G. A. Denison takes exception, as he is quite entitled to do, to the remark that he, in speaking of the authors of "Lux Mundi," described their Churchmanship as altogether "recognised and unquestionable." He said, in his speech in Convocation on Feb. 3, of Mr. Gore and his coadjutors, "I find them, as I find myself, to be respected, honoured, loved, all of them, men of large ability, learning, kindness in purpose and in act, and of recognised and unquestionable Churchmanship, *save in the present instance*."

English Nonconformists were martyred in the reign of Elizabeth, as Protestant bishops and clergymen, who had triumphed under Edward VI., suffered under Mary. On April 6, 1593, Henry Barrowe and John Greenwood were hanged at Tyburn, and John Penry in the New Kent Road. The London Dissenters have celebrated the tercentenary with a procession and speeches in Hyde Park.

My prognostication about the Metropolitan Tabernacle pastorate has proved quite correct. The American Presbyterian, Dr. Pierson, has been practically dismissed, and the late pastor's son, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, has been offered the appointment and has at once accepted it. It is true that Dr. Pierson declined to be a candidate, but there is no doubt he would have accepted a cordial invitation. This he did not receive. It is true also that Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is invited for twelve months only; but if he is at all successful he will remain as permanent pastor. V.

THE "SUNLIGHT SOAP" CHICAGO EXHIBIT.

Among the numerous exhibits which will find a place in the British Section of the Chicago Exhibition is one which



will doubtless attract the attention of our American cousins. Messrs. Lever Brothers, the proprietors of Sunlight Soap, have recently been appointed soap manufacturers to her Majesty, and this fact suggested to them that they should adopt a miniature copy of Windsor Castle as the principal feature of their exhibit.

It will be generally remembered that Messrs. Campbell Smith and Co., of Newman Street, Oxford Street, were the successful builders of the artistic "Old London" at the Health Exhibition and the model of Nelson's flag-ship the Victory at the Royal Naval Exhibition. The same gentlemen were requisitioned by Messrs. Lever to produce an exact correct-scale model of Windsor Castle from special drawings by Mr. Max Clarke, A.R.I.B.A., and that they had been extremely successful was evident to those who saw the stand with the model surmounting it as it stood in one of the huge buildings at Port Sunlight preparatory to being packed for transport. The stand itself is 45 ft. long by 18 ft. wide, with an extreme height to the top of the model of 18 ft., and is beautifully finished in white and gold, with photographs and copies of awards gained at previous exhibitions hanging along the handsome frieze that runs completely round the exterior.

The general view of the model is extremely effective, every feature of the castle and slopes being reproduced with marvellous accuracy, and in tints that resemble the actual building as correctly as possible.

On entering the stand below the model, we come to a graceful domed vestibule 16½ ft. by 9½ ft., decorated around the dome with a series of ships of various centuries all painted from accurate representations in standard works of naval history.

Turning to the right, one sees the fine reception-room, 16½ ft. square, finished off in white and gold, with friezes around the upper portion representing the Seasons. The room is surmounted by a graceful lantern light, and electric incandescent lights throw a soft brilliancy around the interior. In this room will be a number of miniature soap-stamping machines at work turning out tiny facsimiles of the well-known double cakes of Sunlight Soap, which will, no doubt, be in demand as souvenirs of this interesting exhibit of a great British industry. Around the walls hang some beautiful photographs of the various departments of the soapworks, and of the excellently arranged model village built by the firm themselves for the accommodation of the workpeople employed in these gigantic works. These are the work of Mr. J. Birtles, a well-known Warrington photographer, and are really artistic productions.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SILAS TOMPKYN COMBERBACKE.

15th or King's Light Dragoons, G Troop.

Towards the end of November 1793 Coleridge left Cambridge for London, and on Dec. 2 he enlisted in a cavalry regiment. The following letter to G. L. Tuckett, a college acquaintance, tells its own tale. In a letter of Coleridge's fellow-Grecian, Robert Allen, dated February 1796, there is an amusing reference to this kindly *Deus ex machina*: "I called upon Tuckett, who thus prophesied—'You know how subject Coleridge is to fits of idleness. Now, I'll lay any wager, Allen, that after three or four numbers [of the *Watchman*] the sheets will contain nothing but Parliamentary Debates, and Coleridge will add a note at the bottom of the page: 'I should think myself deficient in my duty to the Public if I did not give these interesting Debates at full length.'"

LETTER VIII.

Thursday Night, Feb. 6 (1794).

DEAR TUCKETT,—I have this moment received your long letter! The Tuesday before last, an accident of the Reading Fair, our Regiment was disposed of for the week in and about the towns within ten miles of Reading, and, as it was not known before we set off to what places we would go, my letters were kept at the Reading Post Office till our return. I was conveyed to Henley-upon-Thames, which place our Regiment left last Tuesday, but I am ordered to remain on account of these dreadfully troublesome eruptions, and that I might nurse my comrade, who last Friday sickened of the confluent smallpox. So here I am, *videlicet* the Henley workhouse. It is a little house of one apartment situated in the midst of a large garden, about a hundred yards from the house. It is four strides in length and three in breadth; has four windows which look to all the winds. The almost total want of sleep, the putrid smell, and the fatiguing struggles with my poor comrade during his delirium are nearly too much for me in my present state. In return I enjoy external peace, and kind and respectful behaviour from the people of the Workhouse. Tuckett! your motives must have been excellent ones; how could they be otherwise! As an *agent*, therefore, you are blameless, but your efforts in my behalf demand my gratitude—that my heart will pay you into whatever depth of horror your mistaken activity may eventually have precipitated me. As an *agent*, you stand acquitted, but the action was *morally* base. In an hour of extreme anguish, under the most solemn imposition of secrecy, I entrusted my place and residence to the young men at Christ's Hospital; the intelligence which you extorted from their imbecility should have remained sacred with you. It lost not the obligation of secrecy by the transfer. But your *motives* justify you? To the eye of your friendship the divulging might have appeared *necessary*, but what shadow of *necessity* is there to excuse you in showing my letters—to stab the very heart of confidence. You have acted, Tuckett! so uniformly well that reproof must be new to you. I doubtless shall have offended you. I would to God that I too possessed the tender irritableness of unhandled sensibility. Mine is a sensibility gangrened with inward corruption and the keen searching of the air from without. Your gossip with the commanding officer seems so totally useless and unmotivated that I almost find a difficulty in believing it.

A letter from my brother George! I feel a kind of pleasure that it is not directed—it lies unopened—am I not already sufficiently miserable? The anguish of those who love me, of him beneath the shadow of whose protection I grew up—does it not plant the pillow with thorns and make my dreams full of terrors? Yet I dare not burn the letter—it seems as if there were an horror in the action. One pang, however acute, is better than long-continued solicitude. My brother George possessed the cheering consolation of conscience—but I am talking I know not what—yet there is a pleasure, doubtless an exquisite pleasure, mingled up in the most painful of our virtuous emotions. Alas! my poor mother! What an intolerable weight of guilt is suspended over my head by a hair on one hand; and if I endure to live—the look ever downward—insult, pity, and hell! God or Chaos preserve me! What but infinite Wisdom or infinite Confusion can do it?

Feb. 7.—Henley.

LETTER IX.

To the Rev. George Coleridge—

The Compasses, High Wycombe, March 12, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Accept my poor thanks for the day's enclosed, which I received safely. I explained the whole matter to the Adjutant, who laughed and said I had been used scurvily; he deferred settling the bill till Thursday morning. A Captain Ogle of our Regiment, who is returned from abroad, has taken great notice of me. When he visits the stables at night, he always enters into conversation with me, and to-day, finding from the Corporal's report that I was unwell, he sent me a couple of bottles of wine. These things demand my gratitude. I wrote last week—*currente calamo*—a declamation for my friend Allen on the comparative good and evil of novels. The credit which he got for it I should almost blush to tell you. All the Fellows have got copies, and they meditate having it printed, and dispersing it through the University. The best part of it I built on a sentence in a last letter of yours, and indeed, I wrote most part of it *feelingly*.

I met yesterday, smoking in the recess, a chimney corner of the pot-house at which I am quartered, a man of the greatest information and most original genius I ever lit upon. His philosophical Theories of Heaven and Hell would have both amused you and given you hints for much speculation. He solemnly assured me that he believed himself divinely inspired. He slept in the same room with me, and kept me awake till three in the morning with his ontological disquisitions. Some of the ideas would have made you shudder from their daring impiety, others would have astounded with their sublimity. My memory, tenacious and systematising, would enable [me] to

write an octavo from his conversation. "I find [says he] from the intellectual atmosphere that emanates from, and envelopes you, that you are in a state of Recipieney." He was deceived. I have little faith yet, am wonderfully fond of speculating on mystical schemes. Wisdom may be



THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE.

gathered from the maddest flights of imagination, as medicines were stumbled upon in the wild processes of Alchemy.

God bless you. Your ever grateful S. T. COLERIDGE.

Tuesday Evening.—I leave this place [High Wycombe] on Thursday, 10 o'clock, for Reading. A letter will arrive in time before I go.

PANTISOCRACY.

In the long vacation of 1794 Coleridge visited Oxford, where he met and made friends with Robert Southey. Before long a scheme was propounded for emigrating to America, and founding a small colony on Socialistic principles. "Pantisocracy" was Coleridge's name for this happy solution of old-world problems.

In Freedom's undivided dell,
Where Toil and Health with mellowed Love shall dwell,
Far from folly, far from men. S. T. C., 1795.

LETTER X.

To Robert Southey—

Autumn, 1794.

Last night, dear Southey! I received a special invitation from Dr. Edwards (the great Grecian of Cambridge and heterodox divine) to drink tea and spend the evening. I there met a councillor whose name is Lushington, a Democrat, and a man of the most powerful and Briarean intellect. I was challenged on the subject of Pantisocracy,



THE COMPASSES, HIGH WYCOMBE.

which is, indeed, the universal topic at the University. A discussion began and continued for six hours. In conclusion, Lushington and Edwards declared the system impregnable, supposing the assigned quantum of virtue and genius in the first individuals. I came home at one o'clock this morning in the honest consciousness of having exhibited closer argument in more elegant and appropriate language than I had ever conceived myself capable of. Then my heart smote me, for I saw your letter on the propriety of

taking servants with us. I had answered that letter, and feel conviction that you will *perceive* the error into which the tenderness of your nature had led you. But other queries obtruded themselves on my understanding. The more perfect our system is, supposing the necessary premises, the more eager in anxiety am I that the necessary premises exist. O for that Lyncean eye that can discover in the acorn of Error the rooted and widely spreading oak of Misery! Quære: should not all who mean to become members of our community be incessantly meliorating their temper and elevating their understandings? Qu. : whether a very respectable quantity of *acquired* knowledge (History, Politics, above all, *Metaphysics*, without which no man can reason but with women and children) be not a pre-requisite to the improvement of the head and heart? Qu., whether our Women have not been taught by us habitually to contemplate the littleness of individual comforts and a passion for the *novelty* of the scheme rather than a generous enthusiasm of Benevolence? Are they saturated with the Divinity of Truth sufficiently to be always wakeful? In the present state of their minds whether it is not probable that the *Mothers* will tinge the minds of the infants with prejudice? The questions are meant merely as motives to you, Southey! to the strengthening the minds of the Women, and stimulating them to literary acquirements. But, Southey! there are *Children* going with us. Why did I never dare in my disputations with the unconvinced to hint at this circumstance? Was it not because I knew even to certainty of conviction that it is subversive of *rational* hopes of a permanent system? These children—the little Frickers, for instance, and your brothers—are they not already deeply tinged with the prejudices and errors of society? Have they not learnt from their schoolfellows *Fear* and *Selfishness*, of which the necessary offsprings are Deceit and desultory Hatred? How are we to prevent them from infecting the minds of *our* children? By reforming their judgments? At so early an age, can they have *felt* the ill-consequences of their errors in a manner sufficiently vivid to make this reformation practicable? How can we ensure their silence concerning God, etc.? Is it possible *they* should enter into our *motives* for this silence? If not, we must produce their *Obedience* by *Terror*. *Obedience? Terror?* The repetition is sufficient. I need not inform you that they are as inadequate as inapplicable. I have told you, Southey! that I will accompany you on an *imperfect* system. But must our system be thus necessarily imperfect? I ask the question that I may know whether or not I should write the Book of Pantisocracy.

I received your letter of Oyez; it brought a smile on a countenance that for these three weeks has been cloudy and stern in its solitary hours. In company, wit and laughter are Duties. Slovenly? I could mention a Lady of fashionable rank, and most fashionable ideas, who declared to Caldwell that I (S. T. Coleridge) was a man of the most *courtly* and polished manners, of the most *gentlemanly* address she had ever met with. But I will not *crow*! Slovenly, indeed!

(To be continued.)

THE SPITZER COLLECTION.

Since the Stowe sale, when the accumulated treasures of the four families which had merged in the penultimate Duke of Buckingham were dispersed, no sale in this century can compare with that which is to occupy the attention of Paris for two months, long beyond Whitsuntide. Frederick Spitzer, who was born at Vienna in 1815, was by instinct a collector, and his Paris house in the Rue de Villejust bore ample testimony to the catholicity of his taste as well as to the excellence of his judgment. There was no attempt at any systematic arrangement of the treasures. He had an eye for effect rather than any care for chronological regularity, and the result was that clocks, enamels, sculpture, bronzes, metal-work, and majolica were mingled together in the most effective, but often most puzzling, medley. The most important *objets d'art* were those of the Renaissance period, but there were many which stretched back to a more remote antiquity. For instance, the statuettes and some of the bronzes belong to the Greek and Roman periods, and among these are at least half-a-dozen specimens equal, if not superior, to any in our national collection. The curious articles known as "Dinandaïses"—brass kitchen implements of fantastic form—were probably made one of the first phases of the application of art to industry. They were made at the riverside town of Dinan, on the Meuse, where the industry remained until a comparatively recent period. The faience of Saint Porchaire, which has by turns borne the name of Oïrons or Henri Deux ware, is more attractive, and at the same time is far more rare. Of the twenty-six known specimens M. Spitzer held seven—one or which originally came from this country. The Limoges and other enamels are of singular beauty, and, what is more important still, of unquestioned authenticity. Bernard Palissy, Clouet, and Jean Goujon are among a few of the glories of the French Renaissance whose work in their respective lines is represented in the Spitzer collection. The wood-carving and the furniture, coffers and sideboards, represent the art of the best workmen of Paris and Lyons in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the magnificent embroideries are from the convents and châteaux of Touraine; the stamped and embossed leather is from Cordova and Carassonne; the tapestries from Italy and the Netherlands, including the miraculous history of Notre Dame de Sablon. The ivory and boxwood carvings represent an art which at one time flourished in Swabia, but has long since been lost to all except experts in the art of collecting. For those who seek for historical relics, there are enough and, we may add, some few to spare; for it is at times necessary to look upon such objects with the eye of faith rather than with that of the dealer. The saddle of Frederick, King of Sicily, the cross of Aldobrandini, Bishop of Gubbio, and the like, have probably a certain flavour of tradition. But the real interest and value of the Spitzer collection, which, for the twelve years preceding the owner's death, in 1890, was practically open to all who desired to see it, is that it presents an almost unbroken history of art, in all its forms, and under its most beautiful aspects, from Charlemagne to Henri Quatre.



THE ULSTER DEMONSTRATION AT BELFAST: PROCESSION PASSING MR. BALFOUR, AND BURNING OF THE HOME RULE BILL.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.

Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, we observe from the direction of their pleasant afternoon drives from the Villa Palmieri, know where to find the places of historical and literary interest in and around the fair Italian city, which has, besides its galleries of art, intellectual and political associations scarcely less than those of Rome and Venice. The history of the Florentine Commonwealth before the Medici, emerging from its mercantile aristocracy,



ON THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

obtained princely power, is one of the most active and vivacious passages in the public life of olden times. In the long transition period from mediæval oppression to the questionable lustre of the Renaissance, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the citizens of Florence, whether of the Guelph or the Ghibelline political connections, Neri or Bianchi, by the ties of family and local faction, exhibited such a spirit of Home Rule, with such boldness and vigour of invention in their frequent changes of the system of government, that Dante's sarcasm, which their fickleness deserved, may be accepted as a testimony to their precocious cleverness in the exercise of democracy—

Atene e Lacedemone, che femmo
Le antiche leggi e furon sì civili,
Fecero al viver ben un picciol cenno
Verso di te, che fai tanto sottili
Provvedimenti, che a mezzo Novembre
Non giunge tal che tu d' Ottobre fili.

The exiled poet, though himself a pedantic and fantastic Imperialist, having no sympathy with popular freedom, and soured by his personal disappointment in office, seeking refuge in scholastic theology and in ascetic contempt of human efforts, judged his age and country not altogether wrongly. Nevertheless, we look back to the annals of the old Florentine Republic as the most interesting portion of all Italian history, filled with striking actions, with the robust lives, the bright speech, the prompt and energetic deeds of men perhaps equal to the ancient Athenians or the ancient Romans in civic and patriotic virtue, with many remarkable men of genius among them. Memorials of that bustling and wealthy, but ever restless, often discordant community are conspicuous in Florence, and may, when the visitor has seen enough of pictures and statues, if he can read Dante and the excellent native historians, Dino Compagni, Villani, and Macchiavelli, or the English histories by Napier and Trollope, be found suggestive of lively reminiscences; and has not Mrs. Oliphant also written of "The Makers of Florence"? The Palazzo Vecchio, which we lately described, is simply the most characteristic and imposing monument of Republicanism as it flourished six centuries ago among traders and manufacturers, before the Hanse Towns of Western and Northern

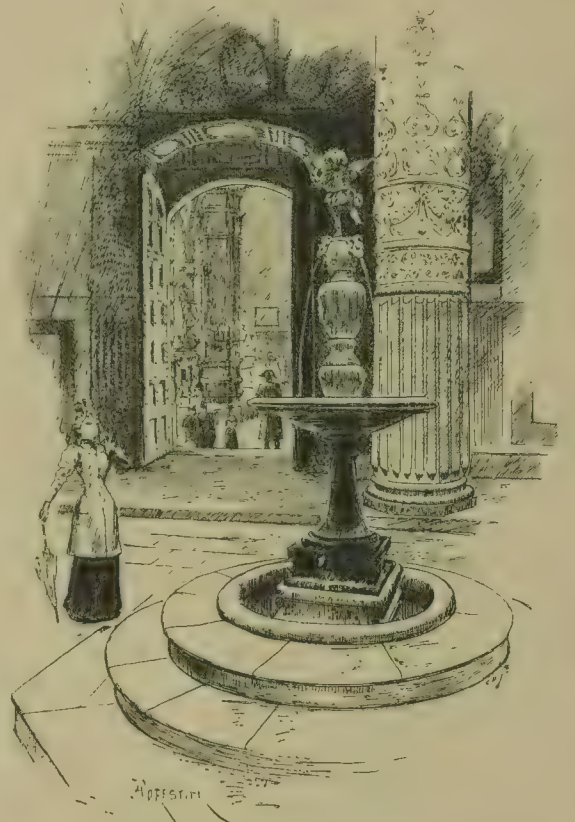
Europe attained their full prosperity. Such examples ought to be appreciated by us of the nineteenth century, whose boast it is that power has become vested in the middle classes, and that they are now giving a large share of it to the artisans of the working class. The interior of the Palazzo Vecchio has alterations of somewhat later date, but the great hall, in which King Victor Emmanuel held the Italian Parliament in 1865, was constructed in 1495, under the religious dictatorship of Savonarola: it is the Westminster Hall of Florence. The solemn, quiet little courtyard, illustrated by our Artist, with Verocchio's beautiful fountain and group of sculpture—a laughing boy at play with a dolphin—is of the fifteenth century. At other turns of the city there are the Mercato Vecchio, of which Pucci, the old poetical humourist, wrote an amusing description in verse, with its column and statue of Plenty; the Mercato Nuovo, with its fountain and the famous bronze boar, the work of Tacca, and the architectural loggia; and the Ponte Vecchio, a curious old bridge over the Arno, which is, like Old London Bridge, overbuilt with houses and shops, mostly occupied by jewellers and goldsmiths from the time of Cosmo dei Medici. Above this bridge runs a private covered gallery connecting the former palaces of the Medici Grand Dukes on the two opposite sides of the river, similarly to that between the Vatican and Castle St. Angelo at Rome.

ART NOTES.

The New English Art Club, which, after passing through more than one crisis, has reached the tenth year of its existence, seems to have shaken down into a very respectable body. Of the original members, a very small number remain, and those who fill their places recognise that the world (of purchasers) is not yet ripe for the phase of art they were willing to illustrate. Mr. Furse's fine group of Mr. Allison Johnson, his horse and hounds, is painted with a vigour and directness which would have made the picture a conspicuous one at Burlington House; and Mr. Walter Sickert's portrait of Mr. Bradlaugh at the bar of the House of Commons is as sensible as the person it recalls so faithfully. Mr. C. E. Holloway, a newcomer to this exhibition, gives an intelligible interest to the river at Lambeth, as seen in the dull yellow grey of an autumn or winter's morn; while for those who are anxious for the lustre and radiance of sunshine, Mr. Claude Monet, Mr. Buxton Knight, and Mr. Mark Fisher contribute thoroughly characteristic works. Mr. Furse's portrait of Mr. Justice Henn Collins is severe to a fault, but one cannot fail to render justice to its solid merits and its fine perception. Mr. J. E. Christie's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" is distinguished by the picturesque grouping of the children; but Mr. B. Sickert's otherwise clever study of the pig-market at Dinan is marred by the want of light under

the carts ranged beneath the trees. Mr. Fred Brown's seated figure of a young girl in a black dress and Mr. Roger Fry's portrait of Mr. Lowes Dickinson are as noteworthy for their careful finish and strong lines as the "impressions" of Miss Dorothy Hamilton by Mr. Wilson Steer and of Mr. Roussel by Mr. W. Sickert are blurred and blotchy. Mr. J. S. Sargent, however, has succeeded in his sketch of Mr. Joseph Jefferson in conveying a pleasant and recognisable likeness by a few deft strokes of his masterful brush. In a word, the exhibition, which contains several interesting pictures, will scarcely rouse excitement as a display of anarchy in art.

No one who cares for country life will find cause for disappointment in Mr. George Wetherbee's "Pastorals,"



COURTYARD OF THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. Many artists have more technical skill, and nothing else, to commend their work; but few, if any, are better endowed with true poetic feeling and sympathy for country life. Mr. Wetherbee is evidently inspired by the scenery of southern England, and he has caught not only the tone of its landscapes but the softer though weather-beaten features of its toilers. His "Daughters of Toil" (28) are, it is true, "hard-handed breakers of the soil," but there is in their faces evidence that the breezes are not always hard and blighting. At "The Ferry" (15) we find them at the end of their day's work wending their way homeward under a soft grey sky, or "Watching the Weed Fire" (37) under the richer tones of autumn. For poetic treatment, however, "The Solitary Gleaner" (44) and "The Sower" (62) stand out among the other figures with a truer appreciation of the dignity of labour than anything else in the room. The most elaborate picture, "A Harvest Home Processional" (50) although full of good points and painted with more than ordinary vigour, is too much of a mixture of Mason and Baudoin—artists who had little in common beyond their thorough love of country life and their devotion to their art. Mr. Wetherbee could not follow better leadership, and one feels that in more than one instance he combines the more salient characteristics of several English and French artists; and his chief danger lies in forgetfulness of his own individuality.

Visitors to the favourite watering-place of Granville, on the coast of Normandy, will find an additional attraction to the neighbourhood in the recent discovery and restoration of a remarkable statue. In the unpretentious little village church of Saint-Planchers, a figure of the Virgin covered with innumerable layers of paint and whitewash attracted the attention of a casual visitor, who succeeded in interesting the curé in the work. He obtained permission to remove the statue for a while to his own atelier at Caen, where it was carefully cleansed and scraped. He then invited a number of well-known artists and experts to examine the figure, which represents the Virgin holding the Infant Christ, who with one hand is stroking His Mother's chin, and with the other is playing with a parrot. The savants and artists came to the conclusion that the statue, which is of great grace and beauty, is the work of an unknown local artist, who probably executed it for Robert Jolivet, the Abbé of Mont-Saint-Michel, a well-known and generous patron of art, who was also seigneur of the parish of Saint-Planchers, in which was situated his magnificent seat known as Loissillière.



FOUNTAIN OF THE MERCATO NUOVO, FLORENCE.

HOW THE OLD ACTORS DRESSED "SHAKSPERE."—VI.

To complete our picture of the contemporaries of Garrick we give on this page a portrait of Mrs. Barry as Rosalind, in a costume which defies archæology, and might, indeed, be



MRS. BARRY AS ROSALIND.

a companion to that worn by her husband as Timon, as shown last week.

In such an interregnum as that between the reign of Garrick and that of Kemble it is natural that little progress should be made in any department of theatrical art. Certainly none was made in the direction of costume, for Henderson, who was the leading actor of the time, was very conservative in that respect. It is said that he boasted that he had played ten different characters in one season in the same dress; and his portrait as Hamlet, which we give, certainly shows that he had not advanced a single step beyond Garrick's methods of dressing.

With Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, however, a marked change came. The lady took the first step towards reformation by declining to wear the high powdered hair, the long stays, and the hoop petticoats which custom had decided to be the proper attire of heroines in tragedy. She braided her hair close to her head, wore flowing draperies, and affected a very short waist. Apparently she was guided to this judicious change by her own strong common-sense and artistic instinct, and it is not easy to overestimate the courage and taste which led her to make so bold



JOHN KEMBLE AS CORIOLANUS.

an endeavour to reform the time-honoured errors of the stage. Perhaps we may estimate the advance she made more correctly if we compare her costume as Lady Macbeth, in our illustration, with that worn by Miss Younge as Cleopatra, which we gave last week, and recollect that Lady Macbeth in Garrick's time wore practically the same dress as Cleopatra.

Following his sister's lead, John Philip Kemble reformed the general costume



THOMAS KING AS TOUCHSTONE.

of the stage, though he made but a very small advance towards the goal which has now been reached by our theatrical antiquaries. His theory of costume recognised the absurdity of dressing Hamlet, Macbeth, and Romeo in clothes of Georgian cut; but he did not dream of that anxious accuracy which labours to define the exact period when King Lear may have reigned, and sets artists and antiquaries to settle by ancient authorities the cut of the garments and the fashion of the ornaments which were then worn. John Kemble's costumes were "fancy" costumes. They were primarily intended to be picturesque and to convey a rough idea of a period long previous to his own. In fact, they were "conventional," to use the word which exactly describes them. In Roman characters he always wore the toga, although I believe that Charles Mayne Young, who was Kemble's most distinguished disciple, was the first to introduce a correctly designed form of that garment. From the nature of his theory of costume, Kemble's dresses have little interest for us in these papers, for they display nothing but Mr. Kemble's own particular taste. However, we give a portrait of him in the greatest of all his characters, Coriolanus, which shows a very unclassical style of toga. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of him in the character of Hamlet is familiar to everyone, and it must be confessed that the Vandyke dress he wears is exceedingly effective theatrically. It is curious to notice, as illustrative of Kemble's disregard of scrupulous accuracy, that he in "Hamlet" always wore the Order of the Elephant, which was not instituted until



HOLMAN AND MISS BRUNTON AS ROMEO AND JULIET.

some five hundred years after the supposed period of the play; and it is even said that he at first made the Danish prince wear the Garter below his knee. Kemble was nicknamed by his opponents "the black-letter actor"; but he evidently had no desire to be regarded as an antiquary. Mr. Planché, in his charming "Recollections," tell us how Mr.



HENDERSON AS HAMLET.

Douce, the famous antiquary, related to him a conversation with the great actor on this subject. Kemble had been pressed to carry his reforms a little farther, and to endeavour after absolute accuracy. "When urged to do so," says Mr. Planché, "and to 'reform it altogether,' he exclaimed to Mr. Douce, in a tone almost of horror, 'Why, if I did, Sir, they would call me an antiquary!' 'And this to me, Sir!' said the dear old man when he told me of this circumstance, 'to me, who flattered myself I was an antiquary.'"

Our other illustrations show the costumes of Touchstone, Romeo, and Juliet. Holman, who is the representative of Romeo, was for some time looked upon as a serious rival to John Kemble. His costume, as well as that of Miss Brunton, his Juliet, shows the influence of the reforming ideas of the Kembles, and is a



MRS. SIDMONS AS LADY MACBETH.

sort of compromise between the commonplace costume of Garrick and the fancy dress of his great successor. The print of Thomas King as Touchstone shows how strangely this character must have been dressed. There is nothing about him in the least suggestive of the clown; indeed, he looks like a smart and dapper young page.

ROBERT W. LOWE.



1. The "tikka gharri" on the road.

2. At the railway station towards midnight.

3. A night in the station waiting-room.

4. Embarked in the "donga" on the "gheel."

5. A chance at a few snipe.

6. Returning to the station.

7. The "donga."

8. Contents of the "bag."



THE PET OF THE HOSPITAL NURSES.

BY R. J. ABRAHAM.

By Appointment



to Her Majesty.

MOURNING.

Messrs. JAY'S Experienced Assistants and Dress-Fitters attend by desire at any Address in TOWN or COUNTRY.

They take with them DRESSES, MANTLES, and MILLINERY, besides PATTERNS of MATERIALS all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the Warehouse.

REASONABLE ESTIMATES are also given for HOUSEHOLD MOURNING.

JAY'S

MOURNING HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

PURE
SOLUBLE

VAN

The STANDARD COCOA of the WORLD.
BEST & GOES FARTHEST.

HOUTEN'S Cocoa

*The British Medical
Journal says:*

"It is admirable.
In flavour perfect, and
It is SO PURE—well
prepared."

*The Medical Annual,
1892, says:*

"A perfect beverage,"
combining
"Strength, purity, and
solubility."

PRICES NOW REDUCED



(The Original Firm Established 1810.)

Mappin Brothers

Queen's Plate.

MAPPIN
Corporate
is on all
Queen's Plate and



BROTHERS'
Trade Mark
manufactures in
Queen's Cutlery.

The Finest in the World. Has stood the test of over 80 years. Supplied direct to the public by the actual manufacturers.

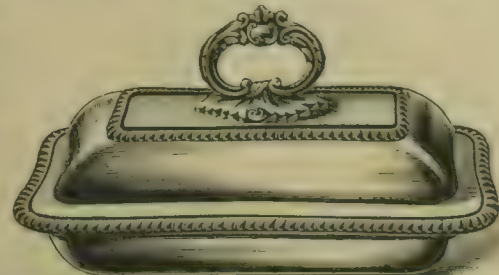
Only London { 220, REGENT STREET, W.
Show Rooms: { 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's)



GEORGIAN TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.
Full size, complete, Sterling Silver, £36. Queen's Plate, £16 16s.

INSPECTION INVITED
AT THE
LONDON SHOW ROOMS

Selections of Goods
forwarded to the
Country for
approval.



ENTRÉE DISH, with antique gadroon mounts, Queen's Plate,
full size, £3 17s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £23 10s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

Please to carefully
note
MAPPIN BROTHERS' { 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's)
Only Addresses: { 220, REGENT STREET, W.

Manufactory: QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

MAPPIN BROTHERS' £24 CABINET of Queen's Plate, Spoons and Forks and Queen's Cutlery,
the finest quality manufactured.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The gentle reader who loves Parliamentary procedure for its own sake ought to revel in the symposium about Obstruction in the *New Review*. Here are half-a-dozen experts who succeed in writing round the subject with the same skill in sheer indefiniteness as they display in talking round public affairs in the House of Commons. Once upon a time Mr. Chamberlain gave his mind to the question of Obstruction, and as usual, he expressed himself with great lucidity and directness. He declared in the *Nineteenth Century* that a very drastic remedy for irresponsible chatter would have to be contrived if Parliamentary Government were not to become a farce. But in these days the theme has lost its interest for Mr. Chamberlain. He is still writing in Mr. Knowles's review, but it is with the object of showing that if we went to war with America an Irish Parliament would sympathise with the enemy. The contingency is as instructive as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's speculations about Egypt in the *Nineteenth Century*, which derive their interest from the suggestion that the Khedive has chosen Mr. Blunt to contradict for our benefit every proposition ever made by Lord Cromer and the British Government respecting Egyptian affairs. In the discharge of his brief Mr. Blunt says that the mischief we are doing in Egypt, "intellectually and morally," is incalculable. From this you may infer that if we were to leave them alone the Egyptians would promptly ascend in the scale of civilisation. This is as convincing as Mr. W. H. Mallock's articles on the labour question. According to Mr. Mallock, in the *Fortnightly*, the idle, wealthy class is as much a producer as the labouring class, and if this fundamental fact can only be impressed by the Primrose League upon the working man the Conservative party will be saved. There is the relish of salvation also in the rejoinder of an anonymous Catholic in the *Contemporary* to a Jesuit father at Rome. Let Catholics fully understand that Jesuit fathers are quite capable of saying the thing which is not, and that the policy of the Vatican is about as rational as when it condemned Galileo for the heretical belief that the earth revolves round the sun, and all will be well with that moral order of the universe over which the Pope presides.

There is another moral order which excites the customary interest in the reviews. The indefatigable "E. B. Lanin," who, in Madame Novikoff's opinion, is Baron Munchausen under a new name, continues his campaign against Holy Russia. He describes in the *Contemporary* the personal character of the Czar's conscience-keeper, M. Pobiedonotseff, of whom some of us may feel that we already know more than enough. Mr. Lanin has much to say about the persecution of the Russian Stundists. Madame Novikoff, on the other hand, is eloquent in the *New Review* about the bond of sympathy between the Orthodox Church and the Old Catholics. She has a poor opinion of the Pope and his infallibility, but she yearns for union between the Greek Church and the Catholic insurgents against Papal dogma. It would be more interesting if Madame Novikoff would explain why religious toleration is impossible in Russia, and what is the heinous crime of being a

Stundist. No doubt, if she were free to speak her mind, the semi-official apologist of Russia in this country would have some better reply to the assailants of the Russian Government than the occasional assertion that they are deliberate liars. Luckily, there is nothing except the malign influence of Mr. Gladstone to prevent Ouida from liberating her soul. She announces in the *Fortnightly* that Demos is Cain, that the minority everywhere is Abel, that the State consists of "pushing bullies who have climbed to place," and many other truths equally valuable and equally neglected by a crass generation. It seems that the editor of the *Fortnightly*, no doubt at Mr. Gladstone's dictation, omitted from Ouida's article the suggestion that Mr. Gladstone deserved the block. No editorial hand has prevented Mrs. Lynn Linton from regretting in the *New Review* that high treason is no longer punished by the headsman. Once more this energetic lady pours out the vials of her wrath and scorn on the women who travel in inmodest garments. Whenever I see an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton I know the exact place in which the inevitable outbreak will occur. It is all inexpressibly dreary, extravagant, and futile. If you must call people names, why not introduce some originality and variety into the business? Mr. A. B. Walkley, who, I thought, had fairly exhausted a pretty copious vocabulary of ridicule on "The Master Builder," returns to the charge in the *Fortnightly* with surprising freshness. He has discovered a "ludicrous resemblance" between Mr. Solness and Mr. Pecksniff. This is certainly new. It is as if I were to observe a grotesque likeness between Mr. Walkley and Mr. Robert Buchanan, or between Mr. Labouchere and the Rev. Mr. Chadband, or between Mr. Massingham and Mr. T. W. Russell. There is no end to the process of "ludicrous resemblance" when once you apply your mind to it. Such a line of intellectual inquiry is entertaining, if not profitable, though it is a little like the speculation of the dyspeptic impressionist who, as he lies in bed, evolves all manner of phantasms by simply staring hard at the wall-paper.

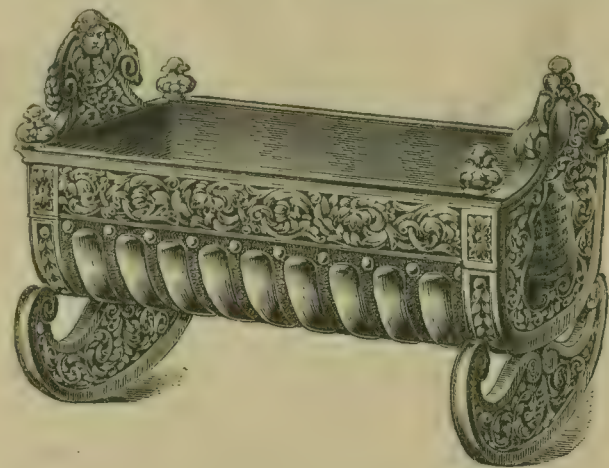
Mr. Roylance Kent amuses himself in *Macmillan's* by tracing the history of party names, and I advise any paterfamilias who is liable to be abruptly asked by inquiring offspring the origin of the words "Huguenot," "Jacobin," and "Jacobite" to acquaint himself with the fruits of Mr. Kent's researches. But where has Mr. Kent learned that "there is something almost sober and demure about a modern contested election"? The "noise and tumult of the hustings" are lost to us, it is true; but when we are told that "the flags, bands, and banners, the bartering of votes, the bounteous streams of beer, are gone for evermore," I suspect Mr. Kent of a very sly satire. The best article in *Macmillan's* is Mr. A. F. Davidson's "Some English Characters in French Fiction," in which the Gallic appreciation of our insular genius is sketched with much vivacity. *Cornhill* has a capital story called "A First Night"; but only the ghost of the late Lord Lytton can have written the yarn about the mysterious prince, his miraculous diamond, and his Cockney valet in *Blackwood*. The prince is an Oriental, who talks benevolent platitudes, which are supposed to exercise a

religious fascination on the miscellaneous company in a country house. By way of comic relief, his valet, Jenkinson, tries to steal the diamond which shines in the prince's turban by day and supersedes electricity by night. I would rather read Mrs. Oliphant on Queen Anne in the *Century*, though that excellent lady's ideas even of a tolerably well-known historical period are as naïve as Mrs. Markham's. Mrs. Markham no longer writes primers for well-bred nurselings, but I am surprised to learn from a paper in *Longman's* that children still read the "Fairchild Family," a *vade mecum* for snobbish primness by a matron who once wrote a tale about nautch girls. That elevating work has mysteriously disappeared; but we have Mr. Albert Chevalier on the influence of music-halls in the *English Illustrated*, from which I gather that nothing is so luminous in the world of æsthetic art as a performance at the Tivoli.

L. F. A.

Sir John Gilbert, R.A., has announced his intention of liberally presenting to the permanent public art-galleries of London, Liverpool, and Manchester all his works, both oil-colour paintings and water-colour drawings, which yet remain in his possession. A letter from the artist conveying this generous proposal was received by the Liverpool City Council on April 5; and the offer was readily accepted for the Walker Art Gallery in that town.

In accordance with a custom generally observed among English people upon the birth of a child to the Mayor during his term of office, the children of Kimberley and Beaconsfield have recently made a presentation of a massive



SILVER CRADLE FOR THE DAUGHTER OF THE MAYOR OF KIMBERLEY.

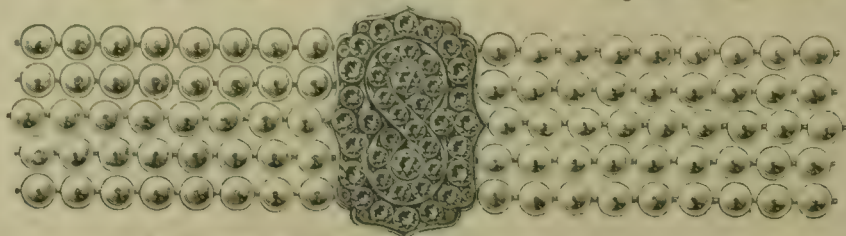
silver cradle to the daughter of Mr. James Lawton, the Mayor of Kimberley. We give an illustration of the cradle, which is a highly artistic piece of workmanship, and has been designed and manufactured by Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside and 220, Regent Street.

FURS.

"The secret of success in any trade is, as a rule, based on the confidence which customers repose in individual traders and their merchandise. When strangers enter a shop or store and make purchases which prove so satisfactory that they write testimonials to the proprietor of their approval of the same, there can be no doubt that the articles are genuine and money's worth; e.g., numerous and quite unsolicited testimonials of such a character from American and other patrons may be seen at the

"INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163, REGENT STREET, LONDON."

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY
WORKSHOPS: PARIS and LONDON.
Specialty: The "Orient" Pearls. Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.



THE VERY FASHIONABLE NEW "COLLAR-NECKLET."
Five Rows of Finest "Orient" Pearls, mounted with handsome Diamond Clasp and Three Diamond Slides, set à jour. Prices ranging from 25 5s.
85, New Bond St., W. 248, Regent St., W. 43, Burlington Arcade, W.
Near Marshall and Snelgrove's. Near Oxford Circus. N.B.—The Company's only Address in the Arcade.



Can you cut new bread—really new—into thin slices? No, you cannot with an ordinary knife,

but with THAT WONDERFUL

Christy Bread Knife

it is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife. Send Two Shillings and Sixpence, and try one.

It is equally good for new bread, stale bread, and cake—namely, indispensable. It is not a machine, but a knife, sharpened exactly like any other knife, only not a quarter as often. To slice bread thin for making sandwiches it is perfection; you can cut thin slices just as well as you can thick ones.

Made of FINEST STEEL. Price 2s. 6d. by post. Size—14 inches by 2½ inches.

CHRISTY KNIFE COMPANY, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

DOESN'T LOOK as if it would cut bread? NO? But it will, and make no crumbs.



FOR A THOUSAND USES ON LAND AND SEA.

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD.

MAKES TIN LIKE SILVER.

MAKES PAINT LOOK NEW.

MAKES MARBLE WHITE. MAKES BRASS LIKE MIRRORS.

FOR POTS AND PANS.

FOR KNIVES AND FORKS.

FOR KITCHEN TABLES.

FOR BATHS AND WINDOWS.

FOR EVERYTHING.

REMOVES RUST FROM STEEL AND IRON.

SPARKLING GLASS WARE.

SHINING POTS AND PANS.

CLEAN HANDS.

POLISHED STAIR RODS.

SOLD BY IRONMONGERS, GROCERS, AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.

MUSIC.

The opening week of the Drury Lane opera season presented no features of interest beyond those already dealt with in our last issue. On the Monday following Sir Augustus Harris gave a creditable performance of Wallace's "Maritana," the popularity of the old evergreen being made manifest by the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Ben Davies, like many a favourite native singer before him, hovers gracefully between the concert platform and the operatic stage, and it is pleasant to be able to associate his first appearance in London as Don Caesar de Bazan with an emphatic and unqualified success. He enacted the reckless Spanish nobleman with an abundance of bluff, vigorous spirit, and rendered his music like an artist familiar with the best traditions of English ballad-opera. Miss Lucile Hill, spared for the nonce from "Haddon Hall" to fill the rôle of Maritana, made her Drury Lane début under favourable conditions. She used her charming voice with notable artistic discretion, earning warm applause in her airs, and altogether made a pleasing representative of the merry Zingara. Miss Lucille Saunders was a sympathetic Lizarillo, and the other leading parts were competently filled by Messrs. Ffrangcon Davies, Albert McGuckin, and Wilfred Esmond.

Genuine interest attached to the revival of Halévy's "La Juive," on Tuesday, April 11. It was at Drury Lane that this opera was first performed in London by a Brussels troupe, in 1846, eleven years after its production in Paris. In 1850 Halévy's masterpiece was brought out at Covent Garden with a wonderful cast (including Mario, Tamberlik, Carl Formes, and Pauline Viardot-Garcia) and a costly and magnificent *mise-en-scène*. Yet despite the fact that the popularity of "La Juive" was then at its zenith, it was never revived after the destruction of Covent Garden by fire in 1856. We do not pretend to explain this circumstance, which seems more curious still when it is recollected that in Paris the opera is played very nearly as often as "Faust" and "Les Huguenots." Moreover, it has now been for some time in the active repertory of the Carl Rosa Company, whose patrons have expressed the utmost admiration for the broad melodies and great dramatic and musical resource displayed by Halévy in the masterpiece, which a famous French critic has described as "a veritably inspired, grandiose, impassioned, and moving work." The libretto belongs to the finest that the pen of Scribe has furnished, and the two principal rôles—those of Eleazar the Jew and his daughter, Rachel—should have a peculiar interest for English audiences, inasmuch as they are admittedly borrowed from the characters of Shylock and Rebecca ("Ivanhoe.")

The reception accorded to the revival was distinctly favourable. Drury Lane was well filled, and although there were no encores, it was clear that the old-fashioned forms in which many of the numbers are cast nowise

milited against their success. Thus, the well-known air "Rachel! quand du Seigneur," created an immense effect, its rendering eliciting four recalls for Signor Giannini, who, albeit a capable Eleazar, had by no means profoundly impressed his audience until he came to this point. The execution of the concerted pieces, again, was unequal in merit, but scarcely one failed to obtain its due meed of applause. In a word, the music pleased, while the dramatic story and the sufficiently lavish spectacle furnished by Sir Augustus Harris also helped to bring about a satisfactory verdict. The part of Rachel was undertaken by Mdlle. Gherlsen, a clever young Danish soprano who has already sung here at concerts, and, notwithstanding indisposition, she sang and acted with notable dramatic impulse and freedom. Another useful acquisition to the company, Mdlle. Dagmar (who had previously made her début as Michaela in "Carmen"), displayed her bright soprano voice to advantage in the part of the Princess. M. Castelmary, as the Cardinal, showed a perfect acquaintance with the traditions of his rôle, but as much may not be said for Señor Guetary's impersonation of the despicable Leopold; while the chorus, again, seemed much more at home in its work than the orchestra, which was somewhat feebly conducted by Mr. Carl Armbruster.

One suite did not suffice to embody the whole of the detachable portions of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" music, so the composer has written a second, which Sir Charles Hallé has recently introduced at Manchester, and Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace. Bizet did the same thing with his beautiful incidental music to "L'Arlésienne," but as in that case, so in this, the first suite is likely to remain the more popular of the two, and for the simple reason that it contains the "pick of the basket." The four movements comprising the second "Peer Gynt" suite are the prelude to the second act of Ibsen's tragedy, entitled "Carrying off the bride," a very striking Arab dance, the prelude to the last act depicting the storm off the Norwegian coast, in which Peer Gynt is wrecked on his return home from America; and, finally, an orchestral version of the well-known "Solveig's Song." Needless to add that the Sydenham band did perfect justice to Grieg's exquisite scoring, each piece in turn being warmly applauded. At the same concert Miss Fanny Davies gave a highly poetic and refined interpretation of Chopin's second pianoforte concerto, and the orchestra, under Mr. Manns, gave a fine performance of Raff's symphony "Im Walde."

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, has again justified its existence by a varied and pleasant programme. The first part consists of a vaudeville, entitled "Dan's Delight," by Mr. Archie Armstrong, illustrated by some pretty music by Mr. J. W. Elliott. The characters are well sustained by Miss Fanny Holland, Miss G. Chandler, Messrs. Alfred German-Reed, Avalon Collard, and Mr. W. Lugg. A most amusing sketch, called "Poor Piano," by that genial wit, Mr. Corney Grain, should prove a great attraction for a long time to come.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and six codicils of Mr. William Astor, late of New York, who died on April 25, 1892, at Paris, were proved in London, in respect of his English property, by Thomas Greenshields Gillespie, as the attorney of John Jacob Astor, the son, and William Cruikshank, the executors, the value of the personal estate in this country exceeding £264,000. A full summary of Mr. Astor's will and codicils was published soon after his decease, but it may be mentioned that there are large gifts in favour of his wife, Mrs. Caroline Schermerhorn Astor; his three daughters, Mrs. Helen Roosevelt, Mrs. Charlotte Augusta Drayton, and Mrs. Caroline S. Wilson; the three children of his late daughter Mrs. Emily van Alen, and the four children of his daughter Mrs. Drayton; there are also bequests to New York charities, and one or two other legacies. The whole residue of his property, including the property he had power to appoint under the will of his father and under his marriage settlement, is left to, or upon trust for, his son, John Jacob Astor.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1892), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15 following) of Mr. John Stevens Charles, late of 9, Lower Grosvenor Place, fishmonger, who died on March 15, was proved on March 28 by Francis Edgar Charles, the son, and Joseph Edward Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £146,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his daughter, Eleanor Isabel, and £20,000 upon trust for her; £50 to his son Arthur, and £12,000 upon trust for him; £5000 each to his sister, Mrs. Susannah Köhler, and his brother William; £500 each to Henry Sheargold and John Albert Green; £100 to Alfred Sibley; and one year's wages to each of his domestic servants. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his business, he leaves to his son Francis Edgar.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1890) of Dame Margaret Barttelot, late of Stopham House, Pulborough, Sussex, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on March 29 by Sir Walter George Barttelot, Bart., and John Croft Deverell, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testatrix bequeaths out of the trust funds of her marriage settlement (subject to the life interest of her husband, who only survived her a few days) various sums of Consolidated Bank Annuities to her stepson (the present Baronet) and his wife, brother-in-law, god-children, and others, and leaves the remainder of the settlement funds and the residue of her property to her husband.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1885), with two codicils (dated March 20, 1890, and March 4, 1892), of Mr. James Farquhar Morice, late of Sandfels, Reigate, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on March 29 by George Knox Morice, the son, and George MacAndrew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late son, Frederick John Morice; £5000, upon trust, for the widow and child of his late son, Alexander Farquhar Morice; and £5000, upon

Mappin & Webb's PRESENTATION SILVER PLATE.



ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

AN ARTISTIC CATALOGUE.

"There is no reason in the nature of things why art should not be a legitimate assistance to the advertiser. Life, with its worry and weariness, its disappointments and disillusion, is not so gracious a thing that we can afford to do without any of the aids to cheerfulness which art can give us. Most of us spend perforce an appreciable number of minutes every day in looking at advertisements; and if we can have them made artistic, so much the better. By a curious contradiction the least artistic of all advertisements have hitherto been the catalogues of furniture-makers. Now, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, whose reputation as designers of artistic furniture is beyond



assail, are showing a more excellent way. They have just issued a large and handsome oblong volume of designs for furniture and house decorations, which is so tastefully bound, so well printed, and so lavishly and artistically illustrated, that it would well become a place upon the shelves of any library. The large illustrations are exceedingly well printed in collotype, while the smaller ones are very soft and delicate half-toned blocks which, in execution and printing, would do credit to an illustrated paper. Pictures of tasteful interiors are always attractive, and in this catalogue we get a great variety of them in all styles of furniture and decoration. It is a handsome and even a sumptuous catalogue, as far removed as it is possible for anything to be from a mere trade price-list."—*St. James's Gazette*.

HAMPTON & SONS

ARE NOW ISSUING THEIR NEW

BOOK OF DESIGNS AND COMPLETE FURNISHING CATALOGUE.

This Work contains Fifty Drawings of specially designed Artistic Interiors, in the various styles now in demand; upwards of 2000 "Half-Tone" Prints of Furniture Photographed from Stock, and many Coloured Illustrations of Carpets, Curtains, Linens, Blinds, China and Glass, etc.

The above print is a photographic reproduction of the Cover of the Book, the actual size of which is 15 in. by 10 in.

To all those about to furnish or Re-Furnish HAMPTON & SONS will have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of this Guide, free of charge, on condition that it is returned within a fortnight, unless such an order is placed as will entitle the purchaser to retain it for future reference. The first edition is limited in number, and copies will be lent in order of application.

PALL MALL EAST,
AND
COCKSPUR STREET,

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.

Works:
Belvedere Road, S.E.

Grandfather's Favorite Beverage

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED **COCOA**

trust, for his daughter, Flora Valentine MacAndrew. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third to his son, George Knox Morice; one third, upon trust, for his daughter Bertha Constance Morice; and one third between his last-named son and daughter and his daughter Mrs. MacAndrew.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1891), with a codicil (dated Nov. 23, 1891), of Mrs. Anno Grant, late of 3, Astwood Road, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on March 22 by Lieutenant-General Harry Cortlandt Anderson, the Rev. David Wilkie, and Captain William Henry Forbes Taylor, R.A., the nephews, and Edgar Christmas Harvie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testatrix gives pecuniary legacies to her executors, cook, butler, and coachman, and there are specific bequests of furniture and effects to several members of her family, including the portraits of herself and Mrs. Robert Thew, by Sir David Wilkie, to her sister Letitia Mary Taylor. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one third to the children of her late sister-in-law, Catherine Ford Oliver; one third, upon trust, for her sister Margaret Wilkie, for life, and then for her children; and one third, upon trust, for her sister Letitia Mary Taylor, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated March 15, 1892) of Miss Margaret Edgar, late of 3, Sion Hill, Clifton, who died on Feb. 16, was proved on March 23 by Thomas Whitwell Jacques and John William Frederick Jacques, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1200 to the Charity Trustees of the City and County of Bristol to found an annuity for a single woman upon similar conditions to "Mrs. Hannah Ludlow's Gift"; £1000 to the vicar and churchwardens of Temple, otherwise Holy Cross, Bristol, upon trust, to apply the income for the spiritual benefit of the said parish; £100 to the same vicar and churchwardens, upon trust, to apply the income in keeping in repair the stone pulpit in the parish church of Temple given by herself and sister; £1000 each to the Bristol Royal Infirmary and the Asylum for Poor Orphan Girls at Hook's Mills, Ashley Hill, Bristol; £400 each to the Bristol

branches of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; £400 to the Bristol Scripture Readers' Association; £300 each to the Bristol Benevolent Institution, the Bristol Dispensary, the Bristol General Hospital, the Bristol Female Misericordia Society, the Bristol Asylum for the Blind, and the Bristol Deaf and Dumb Institution; £200 to the Royal Life-Boat Institution; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, servants, and others. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one moiety to Ellen Isaacson, but if she should predecease her then to the Bristol Royal Infirmary and the Bristol General Hospital; and the other moiety of the residue between the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the Missions to Seamen (Buckingham Street, Strand), the Scripture Readers' Society (Ireland), and the Hospital for Sick Children and Women (St. Michael's Hill, Bristol).

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1892) of the Rev. Richard Wallace Deane, late of 6, Victoria Park, Dover, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 23 by Captain Richard Woodforde Deane, the son, and Mrs. Juliana Maria Deane, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, £1800 Five-per-Cent Stock Madras Railway, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his daughter, Anna Maria; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; then as to his real estate (other than 6, Victoria Park) to his said son; and as to 6, Victoria Park and the ultimate residue of his personal estate, one half to his son, and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter.

The will (dated May 7, 1889) of Mr. Charles Rickards Smith, formerly of 43, Cazenove Road, Stamford Hill, and late of Springfield, Stevenage, Herts, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 22 by Charles Smith, the son, and Richard Holton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Church Missionary Society; £52 10s. to the Clergy Orphan Corporation; £6000, upon trust, for his

son, Charles Smith, for life, then for his wife, Ellen, for life or widowhood, and then for his issue as he shall appoint; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said son.

The will of Mr. Francis Swanton Hurlock, J.P., late of 127, Lansdowne Place, Brighton, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on March 24 by Colonel James Willoughby and Henry Bruce Armstrong, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000.

The Empress of Austria, who is in Italy, on Tuesday, April 4, made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius by the aid of the cable railway, under the superintendence of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, the well-known managers and conductors of foreign tours.

Mrs. Montagu, the wife of a country gentleman in the North of Ireland, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for cruelty to one of her children, resulting in the death of the child by accidental strangling, was released on April 4 from Grangegorman prison, Dublin, and has gone abroad with her husband.

On Easter Day the magnificent mosaic on which MM. Lameire and Guilbert-Martin have been working for the last four years was unveiled at the Church of the Madeleine in Paris. The central figure of Christ, in a white robe, is flanked by nine figures on either side, the Magdalen, kneeling on the right, and Martha on the left being the figures nearest to their Master. The ground of the mosaic is of five tones of gold, so carefully modulated that the glitter which so frequently destroys the general effect of mosaic work has been completely avoided. Nearly two millions of cubes have been employed in this superb work, which will worthily take its place beside the older mosaics of Ravenna, Venice, and Palermo. The enamels of which it is composed were made and coloured at Saint-Denis, under the superintendence of M. Charles Lameire, who, as an active member of the Historical Monuments Commission, has shown due respect for the somewhat sombre work of Ziegler, which has hitherto been the chief decoration of the cupola of the apse in this best known of the Paris churches.

BOVRIL.

THE GUARANTEED PRODUCT
OF PRIME OX BEEF.



BETTER THAN THE
BEST BEEF TEA,
AND
THE BEST STOCK
FOR
SOUPS, GRAVIES,
ENTRÉES, HASHES,
&c.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.

ONE FARTHING

Thousands daily experience a pleasure in existence since taking PEPSALIA, the digestive table salt, with their meals that they never felt before.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "We have proved the efficacy of PEPSALIA."

A farthing a meal stands between you and the enjoyment of good health.

By eating PEPSALIA regularly with your food, instead of ordinary table salt, you ensure absolute digestion of the food you have eaten—resulting in health and strength—and indigestion becomes impossible.

PEPSALIA is white, odourless, pleasant, and cheap; a one-shilling bottle is enough for forty-eight meals.

Try it. All Chemists, Stores, and Grocers keep it in bottles at 1s., 2s., and 5s.

G. & G. STERN, 62, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

MEAL.

CHOCOLAT - MENIER.

Awarded
the
HIGHEST HONOURS
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT - MENIER

In 4-lb. and 1-lb. Packets.
For
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT - MENIER.

Daily Consumption
exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT - MENIER.

Paris,
London,
New York.

Sold Everywhere.

In Gold Cases,

£10



Any of these Watches will be sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

In Silver Cases,

£5



Guarantee for Accuracy, Strength, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to all other Watches sold at the same price.

The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Polished Plain, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10.
OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.

HANDSOME PRESENT FOR A LADY.

SPECIALY NOTE

That all these Watches are made on J. W. BENSON'S INTERCHANGEABLE SYSTEM, thus insuring perfect accuracy in each part, and, in case of breakage, cheap and efficient repair.

See Benson's Illustrated Book, just Published, containing 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c. of Watches, from £2 2s., Clocks, Jewellery Silver and Electro Plate. Post Free on application to

In Gold Cases,

£10



In Silver Cases,

£5



Gold Albert Chains in a Great Variety of Patterns to Match, from **£1 15s.**

See Illustrated Pamphlet, post free.

J. W. BENSON

(Watchmaker & Jeweller by Royal Warrant to H.M. the QUEEN), **STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL E.C.;** And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

OBITUARY.

SIR AUBREY HOPE McMAHON, BART.

Sir Aubrey Hope McMahon, fourth Baronet, died at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, on April 8. He was a lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and had been Battalion Adjutant for the last three years. He was born Aug. 26, 1862, and succeeded to the baronetcy Jan. 23, 1892, on the decease of his father, General Sir Thomas Westropp McMahon, C.B., who was colonel in Fifth Dragoon Guards, and served in the Crimea. An ancestor of the late baronet was the Right Hon. John McMahon, Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to George IV. when Prince Regent. Sir Aubrey is succeeded in the baronetcy by his brother, Horace Westropp McMahon, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The new baronet was born Oct. 28, 1863.

THE EX-PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

General Manuel Gonzalez, who had been a notable figure in the political affairs of Mexico for forty years, died on April 10. He was born near Matamoros, Tamaulipas, in October 1820, and quickly threw himself with the ardour of youth into the revolutionary exploits of the band com-

manded by Cobos and Javanta. For four years he held the Governorship of the Government Palace, after which he was accused of complicity in the loss of Maximilian's gold plate, and was arrested. In 1876 he aided Diaz at the battle of Lomas de Tecoac, and was rewarded with the appointment of Secretary of War. On Sept. 25, 1880, he was proclaimed President, but so strong did the public feeling against him become that he resigned on Nov. 30, 1884.

SIR EDWIN ABERCROMBY DASHWOOD, BART.

Sir Edwin Abercromby Dashwood, of West Wycombe, in the county of Buckingham, J.P., eighth baronet, died on April 7, at his country seat. He was the son of Sir Edwin Hare Dashwood, and was born in New Zealand Oct. 28, 1854. He married, Aug. 24, 1889, Florence, only daughter of Mr. Frederic Norton, of Dargaville, New Zealand. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy May 8, 1882. He was lord of the manor of West Wycombe, and a member of the Bucks County Council. He leaves one daughter, Florence Emily, who was born Aug. 11, 1890. He is succeeded by his brother, Robert John Dashwood, who was born at Nelson, New Zealand, June 3, 1859. The

deceased baronet had only recently returned from New Zealand.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., on April 6, aged sixty.

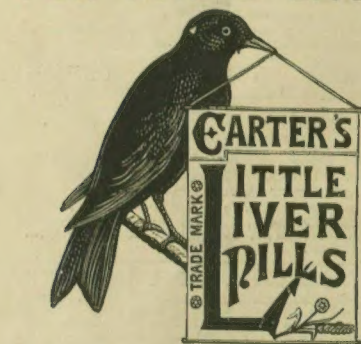
The Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, Anglican Bishop of California, on April 6, aged eighty-two.

Mr. Eden Colville, chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, on April 2, aged seventy-four.

Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" is not so familiar to playgoers as some other works of the great dramatist. It was, therefore, all the more interesting to the audience which three times this week thronged the lecture-room of the Bloomsbury Young Men's Club to witness its representation. The performance by Mr. Alexander Watson's pupils fully justified the choice which that excellent actor and teacher had made. He himself played Malvolio with several subtle touches betokening long experience. The Countess Olivia was impersonated with much charm by Miss Robinson. The part of Viola gave Miss Rosalie Whyte many opportunities (which she embraced) for engaging the sympathies of her hearers. The merry jesting of Messrs. Settle, Davis, and Jones was admirable, as was also the acting of Miss Burgess as Maria.



FOR TORPID LIVER.



FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.
Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver without fail.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

JUNO Cycles.



CASH DIS 10% & CARRIAGE PAID
Metropolitan Machineists' Company, Ltd.,
73 & 75, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.
N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

New Song. In D, E flat, F, and G. 20 Stamps.
GOUNOD'S EVENING LULLABY.
"Then the Shepherd who loves to take care of the lambs
Will take care of her 'Little Blue Eyes'.
Rev. E. Husband, Vicar and Organist of St. Michael's, Folke-
stone, writes: "I think this is the most charming lullaby I have
ever heard."
PHILLIPS and PAGE, 8, Oxford Market, London, W.

D'ALMAINE and CO.'S PIANO AND
ORGAN CLEARANCE SALE. EXTENSION OF
PREMISES. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval,
carriage free. Cottages, 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 2, 20 guineas.
Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 5, 29 guineas.
Class 6, 32 guineas. Class 7, 35 guineas. Class 8, 38 guineas.
Class 9, 41 guineas. Class 10, 44 guineas. Class 11, 47 guineas.
Class 12, 50 guineas. Class 13, 53 guineas. Class 14, 56 guineas.
Class 15, 59 guineas. Class 16, 62 guineas. Class 17, 65 guineas.
Class 18, 68 guineas. Class 19, 71 guineas. Class 20, 74 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 4½ guineas
upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument
within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will
be exchanged free if not approved of within one month.
Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and
CO. (Established 108 Years), 89 and 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Lessee
and Manager.—MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday), at Two,
RECKITT, TO-NIGHT (Saturday), at 8.15, LOUIS XI.
BECKETT, by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Every night
except Saturdays, at 8.15. MATINEES OF BECKETT, next
Saturday, April 22, and Saturdays, April 29 and May 6, at Two
o'clock. THE LYONS MAIL, Saturday nights, April 22 and 29.
Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats also booked
by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, a Comic Opera, entitled
THE MAGIC RING,
written by Arthur Law, composed by Senor Albeniz. Mr.
HARRY MONKHOUSE, Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Edwin Wareham,
Mr. Frank Walsh, Mr. Arthur Watts, and Mr. Norman SAL-
MOND. Miss MARIE HALTON, Miss LILLIAN STANLEY, Miss
Anita Courtney, Miss Annie Laurie, Miss Bertha James, and
Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN. Senor ALBENZ, the composer of
THE MAGIC RING, will personally conduct the Opera. Sole
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL,
ISLINGTON.
MAY HORSE SHOW—30th Annual,
MAY 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17.
Under the Management of
THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL COMPANY,
LIMITED, and
THE ENGLISH HORSE SHOW SOCIETY, LIMITED.
Hunters, Hacks, Ponies, Hackney Stallions, Single Harness
Horses and Ponies, Double Harness Horses, Tandems, and
Leaping.
Prize Lists on application to
R. VENN, Secretary.

DREAM MEMORIES (Lindsay Lennox).
The Greatest Success of Modern Times.

MR. IVER M'KAY'S
GRAND NEW SONG.
5000 COPIES SOLD WEEKLY.
The Greatest Success of Modern Times.

DREAM MEMORIES, 5000 Copies Weekly.
By the Composer of "Love's Golden Dream."
Published in four keys.
Madame MARIE ROZE'S Great Success. Post free, 2s. net.

DREAM MEMORIES, 5000 Copies Weekly.
By the Composer of "Love's Golden Dream."
Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it.
All like it. The Greatest Success of Modern Times.
Post free, 2s. net.

DREAM MEMORIES, 5000 Copies Weekly.
By the Composer of "Love's Golden Dream."
Published in four keys.
In E flat (compass B to D), F (C to E),
G (D to F), A flat (E to G).
The Greatest Success of Modern Times.
Post free, 2s.

DREAM MEMORIES WALTZ By
THEO BONHEUR, the Composer of
the world-renowned Waltz,
"Love's Golden Dream."
The Greatest Success of Modern Times.

DREAM MEMORIES WALTZ. By
THEO BONHEUR.
A Delicious and Dreamy Waltz.
Splendid to Dance to.
Quite irresistible.
Post free, 2s. net.
The Greatest Success of Modern Times.
LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited,
7, Great Marlborough Street,
London, W.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.—The Pianoforte
is one of the few articles of manufacture whose real value
can only be determined by actual use. The only guarantee that
a purchaser has lies in the reputation of the maker for excellence of
tone, touch, and general good qualities. For more than half
a century the BRINSMEAD PIANOS have stood the test of com-
petition with an unvarying record of superiority. Legion of
Honour. Numerous Gold Medals.—JOHN BRINSMEAD and
SONS, Temporary Premises, 104, New Bond Street, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogues Free.

PIANOS for 15s. per month on the
Three-Years System. Carriage Free, Tunings
Free. Becomes the property of the hirer if the
payments are kept up. The cheapest and best
house for Pianos on Sale, Hire, or the Three-
Years System.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. SUPPLY
BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, and BECHSTEIN
COTTAGE and GRAND PIANOFORTES on SALE, HIRE, or
the THREE-YEARS SYSTEM at lower rates than any other
house in London. Secondhand Pianos from £15 to £100.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

BROADWOOD, £20 Erard, £25
Broadwood, £28 Collard and Collard, £35 Bechstein,
and a large stock of equally cheap and good
Pianos of the best makers, may be seen at
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker
Street, W. Lists free. All Pianos packed free.

IMPORTANT SALE OF FIFTY PIANOS
and other Instruments from our late Paris Branch.
KEITH, PROWSE, and CO. are offering Fifty Pianos at
enormously reduced prices to effect a clearance. The Sale com-
mences April 10, and continues Three Weeks.
All prices very greatly reduced; every facility in the way of
easy terms given.
An early visit advised. Price-Lists sent on application.
KEITH, PROWSE, and CO.,
48, Cheapside, and 148, Fenchurch Street.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS
(Established 1732).
PIANOFORTE MAKERS TO H.M. THE QUEEN.
Horizontal Iron Grand Pianos.
Upright Iron Grand Pianos.
GREAT PULTENEY STREET, LONDON.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO., Pianoforte
Manufacturers. Established 1807. These celebrated
PIANOS possess artistic qualities not to be found in any
other make. For SALE or HIRE; and on the Quarterly
Installment System.
170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

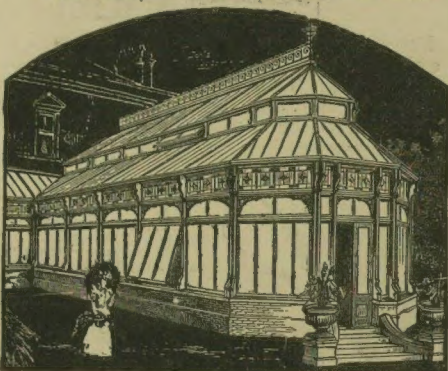
HOOPING COUGH.
CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London,
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST.
CAMBRIC Children's 1/3 doz. Ladies' 2/3 doz. Gents' 3/3 doz.
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
SAMPLES AND PRICE-LISTS POST FREE.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST. Manufacturers to the Queen. [65]
THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, London.
Really good Foreign Cigars at 16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

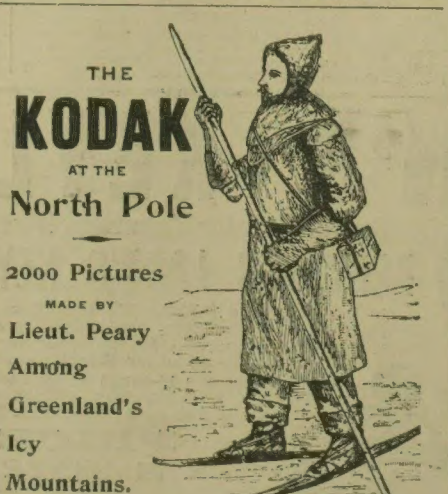


BOULTON & PAUL,
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH.



EVERY DESCRIPTION of HORTICULTURAL
BUILDINGS and APPLIANCES.
Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by Special
Appointment.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an
experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most
eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny
stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.



THE EXPLORER ENDORSES THE KODAK.
"My pictures were 'all taken with a Kodak,'
and I regard the Kodak as responsible for my
having obtained a series of pictures which in
quality and quantity exceed any that have been
brought back from Greenland and the Smith
Sound region."
R. E. PEARY, U.S.N.

EASTMAN
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS CO., LTD.,
115-117 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
SEND FOR KODAK CATALOGUE.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE
(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic
Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest
and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved
in Modern and Medieval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.
ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.
Prospectus post free.—23, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of CRESTED
STATIONERY.—Best quality Paper and Square Court
Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram
or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings,
18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 6d.;
Ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.—
23, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

BERNERS HOTEL, Berners street, Oxford
street, W.—Most central Family Hotel. Two minutes
from Regent street. Quiet rooms, from 2s. 6d. Bed, breakfast,
and attendance, 6s. Table d'hôte, 6.30. Served at separate
tables, 3s. 6d. Open to non-residents. Apply for tariff or special
terms to C. TREV.

PLEASURE CRUISE
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, &c.
The ORIENT COMPANY'S Steam-ship GARONNE, 3576 tons
register, 3000-horse power, will leave LONDON on APRIL 22 for
a Six Weeks Cruise, visiting Cadiz, Tangier, Malaga, Nice,
Palermo, Ancona, Venice, Cattaro, Corfu, Zante, Malta, Algiers,
Gibraltar.
Electric Light. Hot and Cold Baths. First-class Cuisine.
Managers { F. GREY and Co. and Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue,
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. London, E.C.
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue,
E.C.; or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street,
S.W.

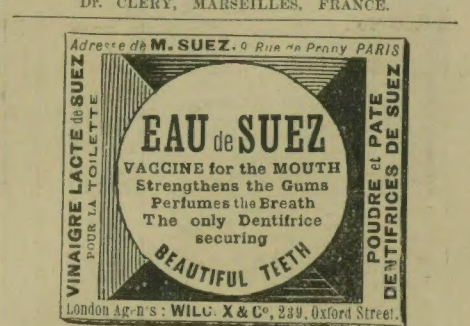
BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE.—CLOTH, &c.

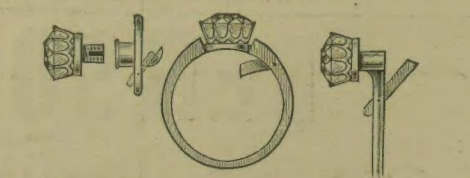
BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford Street, W.

NO MORE ASTHMA from this moment.
NO MORE ASTHMA
Awarded one hundred thou-
sand francs, Gold and Silver
Medals, and admitted to be
unrivaled.
Particulars gratis and post free from
Dr. CLÉRY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.



CHAS. PACKER & CO.
76 and 78, REGENT STREET, W.
NEW PATENT.



CLAXTON'S EAR-CAP.
PATENT
For Remedying Prominent Ears,
Preventing Disfigurement in
after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy.
In all sizes,
Send measure round head just
above ears. Price 3s. 6d.
A. CLAXTON, 62, STRAND.



AN IDEAL LAXATIVE.
The CHAMBERLAIN TEA,
composed exclusively of leaves and flower petals, is the
most convenient, the most agreeable, and the most
reliable of purgatives. Certain in its effects, and gentle
in its action, it is certainly the most satisfactory aperient
procureable. It is admirably adapted for use by both
sexes and at all ages. Price 1s. per box, of all Chemists,
or post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street,
London.

LIPTON'S TEAS

PROCLAIMED VICTORIOUS OVER ALL OTHERS.

FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE TEA POT



1/- & 1/4 PER LB.
FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.
1/7 PER LB.

No higher Price.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on application.
A GUARANTEE.—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

LIPTON, Tea and Coffee Planter, CEYLON.
LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon—Dambatenne, Laymattotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprasie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea and Coffee land in Ceylon.

CEYLON TEA AND COFFEE SHIPPING WAREHOUSES: MADDEMA MILLS, CINNAMON GARDENS, COLOMBO.

CEYLON OFFICE: UPPER CHATHAM STREET, COLOMBO.
INDIAN OFFICES: LYON'S RANGE, CALCUTTA. INDIAN TEA SHIPPING WAREHOUSES AND EXPORT STORES: ARMENIAN GHAT, CALCUTTA.

General Offices: **BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

COURT & FAMILY MOURNING.

Experienced Assistants sent at a moment's notice to any Address in Town or Country with an assortment of the newest Mourning Goods, and travelling expenses are not charged whatever the distance.

FUNERALS CONDUCTED WITH QUIETNESS AND ECONOMY.

PATTERNS POST FREE. ILLUSTRATIONS OF DRESS NOVELTIES GRATIS.

PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 264, REGENT ST.

Telegraphic Address, "Peter Robinson, London." Telephone Number, 3557.

THE CHARMS OF SMOKING WITHOUT ITS EVILS.

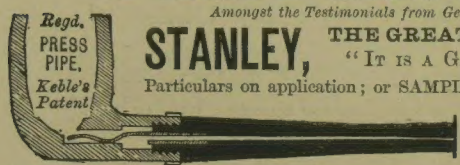
Amongst the Testimonials from Gentlemen who smoke the "Press" Pipe,

STANLEY, THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER, says,
"IT IS A GEM AND A NOTABLE INVENTION."

Particulars on application; or SAMPLE sent post free, on receipt of 1s. 6d.

Address:

"KEBLE'S GAZETTE,"
MARGATE.



SCHWEITZER'S

"IS STILL THE BEST COCOA."

Cocoatina

PRICES NOW REDUCED.

REDUCED PRICES—1 lb., 3s. 4d.; ½ lb., 1s. 9d.; ¼ lb., 11d.

MOUSON'S COCOA BUTTER SOAP

(SAVON AU BEURRE DE CACAO).



This celebrated Soap consists chiefly of Cocoa Butter (extracted in the manufacture of Chocolate), which is the mildest fat known, and possesses a wonderfully healing and softening influence upon the skin. The beneficent and soothing properties of this product make themselves apparent by the delicious creamy lather it produces, rendering even the coarsest skin as soft as velvet. Cocoa Butter Soap is a real skin beautifier, and a balm to old and young alike.

MOUSON & CO.,
PERFUMERS AND TOILET SOAP MANUFACTURERS,
FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

LONDON: 32 & 33, HAMSELL STREET, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1798.

To be had of all respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the United Kingdom.

AT ONE-THIRD THE COST!

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. **HOVIS** is more

DIGESTIBLE and NOURISHING

THAN

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. BEEF STEAK

AND

1 lb. of WHITE BREAD.

RECOMMENDED STRONGLY
BY THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION.

ABSOLUTELY
NECESSARY FOR
ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

THE ONLY FOOD
THAT WILL
PREVENT

OR
CURE INDIGESTION.



NITROGENOUS, OR FLESH-FORMING
BODIES:

Hovis - - - - - 11.15
Beef and Bread - - 11.01

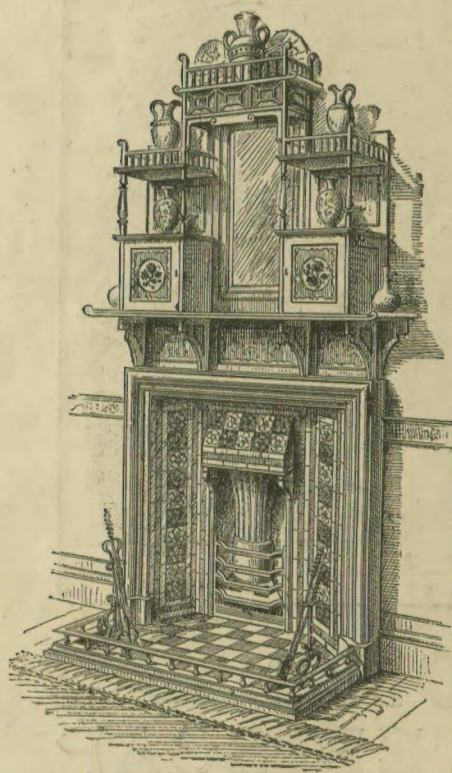
Further Particulars in Descriptive
Pamphlet, post free.

SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN AND
ROYAL FAMILY.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

BARNARD, BISHOP, & BARNARDS
(LIMITED).



Original Manufacturers of the Celebrated

SLOW COMBUSTION

OR

NORWICH STOVES,

Carved Wood Mantels, Curbs, &c.

Those desirous of counteracting the enormous advances now being made in the prices of Coal should adopt these celebrated Stoves, which have been proved to effect a saving in fuel over the ordinary form of grate of from 25 to 30 per cent., and have stood the test of twenty years' experience. They may be seen in action at our London Show Rooms. See Correspondence in Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 22, 1892.

Superbly Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, will be sent free on application.

Inventors and Original Manufacturers of Galvanised Wire Netting for Garden, Park, and Farm.

LONDON SHOW ROOMS:

91, 93, & 95, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.

MANUFACTORY: NORFOLK IRON WORKS, NORWICH.

BREAKFAST-GUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS

Are the Best.
Prepared by a New and
Special Scientific Process.



Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold or sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk St., London.
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS

Allen & Hanburys'
"Perfected"

Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."
—Lancet.

"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough). LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

BYNIN

ALWAYS YOUNG.



ALWAYS FAIR.

Beetham's
AND
Glycerine
Cucumber

IS THE MOST PERFECT EMOLLIENT MILK FOR
PRESERVING AND
BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN
EVER PRODUCED.

It soon renders it Soft, Smooth, and White,
entirely removes and prevents all

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.,

And preserves the SKIN from the effects of the
SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER
more effectually than any other preparation.

NO LADY who values her Complexion should ever be without it,
as it is INVALUABLE at all Seasons for keeping the SKIN SOFT and
BLOOMING.

Beware of Injurious Imitations.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra
by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.



Recommended by 2839 Newspapers

THE FLYING 'J' PEN.



A superior 'J' Pen capable of writing 100 to 200 words
with one dip of ink.

THE COMMERCIAL PEN.

For Fine Writing.



'A luxury for the million.'—Somerset Gazette.

THE FLYING SCOTCHMAN PEN

Instead of a Quill.



'The fastest pen we have ever used.'—Sportsman.

6d and 1s per Box at all Stationers.
Sample Box of all the kinds 1/1 by Post.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
WAVERLEY WORKS, EDINBURGH.

PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.



BELFAST

DIPLOMA OF
HONOUR AND
GOLD MEDAL,
GLASGOW, 1891.

LINENS

Ladies' Collars, with-

out Habits, prices, 3/9,

4/6, and 5/6 per dozen.

Ladies' Collars, with

Habits, prices, 4/9, 5/6, and 6/6 per

dozen. Squire-shaped Collar for

Nurses, prices, 4/9 and 5/9 per dozen.

Squire-shaped Collar for Nurses, prices,

7/6 and 8/6 per dozen. Cambric Handker-

chiefs, from 2/6 to 2/8 per doz.

Damask Tablecloths, from 2/11

to 15/0 each. Dusters from 3/3 per

dozen. Glass-cloths, from 3/6 per dozen.

Diaper, from 6d. per yard. Linen Sheets,

from 10/- to 55/- per pair. Pillow-cases,

from 9d. to 2/6. Huckaback Towels, from 4/9 to 24/- per

dozen. Gents' White Shirts, 4/6, 5/6, and 6/6 each. Col-

lars 4/6, 6/-, and 7/6 per dozen. Cuffs 9/6 and 12/- per

dozen. Initials, Monogram, or Crest, Hand-Embroidered

in a week from receipt of Order.

Patterns and "Housekeeper's Guide" post

free on application.

ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID IN UNITED KINGDOM.

ROBERTSON LEDLIE, FERGUSON, & CO., LTD.,

BELFAST.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

OZONE PAPER



ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy."
Dr. Thoroughgood.—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma
due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis
alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone
Paper."

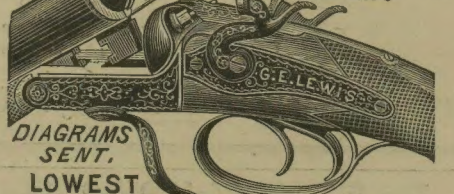
Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my
Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me
permanent relief."
2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the
proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country
within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS & Co., Chemists, 199, Strand, LONDON.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."
TRADE-MARK. REGD.
HONOURS, PARIS, 1875; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880;
CALCUTTA, 1884.

TREBLE-GRIP EXPRESS RIFLES.
HENRY OR METFORD
RIFLING



DIAGRAMS
SENT.

LOWEST
TRAJECTORY

GREAT ACCURACY

RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4. 8. and
10 bores, 20 to 50 guineas; 360, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore
Express-Rook Rifles, non-fouling, cartridge-ejecting—380,
380, 380, 380, and 220 bores, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single
Hammerless, same bores, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single
barrel rifled, other-barrel smooth bore for shot or spherical
ball—as M.L.'s from 6 guineas; as B.L.'s from 10 to 30 guineas.
COLONIAL GUNS, one pair of barrels, rifled, with extra shot
barrels, choked or cylinders, from 18 to 40 guineas, this latter
forming a battery of itself for the man of moderate means; 500
to 377 rifled barrels, 10 to 28 bore shot for paper or brass shells
Send s x stamps for Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers,
the largest Stock in the Trade, to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker,
32 & 33, Lower Lovejoy Street, Birmingham. Established 1850.
Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

CIGARES
DE JOYcure
ASTHMA

One JOY'S CIGARETTE will immediately relieve, and a little
perseverance radically cure you of ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
SHORTNESS OF BREATH, and HAY FEVER. Perfectly harmless,
and may be smoked by delicate patients, ladies, or children.
Highly recommended by eminent physicians. All Chemists
and Stores: box of 35, 2s. 6d. Post free from WILCOX and CO.,
230, Oxford St., W.